THE SPHERE

Vol. CXLVIII No. 1935 WITH WHICH IS INCORPORATED THE GRAPHIC FEB. 20 1937

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THE SPHERE
With which is incorporated "THE GRAPHIC"
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly
London, February 20, 1937

Seamen Boys of the Royal Navy

Engaging in Anti-aircraft Gun Practice off Teneriffe during the Spring Cruise of the "Royal Sovereign" in Spanish Waters and the Mediterranean

It is unusual for a modern battleship to act as a training vessel, but this is so of the *Royal Sovereign*, 29,000-ton giant of the Home Fleet, which during her spring cruise has on board some 350 seamen boys, who are thus having an opportunity of gaining first-hand acquaintance with naval routine after completing preliminary theoretical courses at such shore establishments as Shotley and St. Vincent. This method of training—really the revival of an old idea abandoned some time ago in the interests of economy—has many outstanding advantages, not the least of which is the fact that it gives these potential petty officers an opportunity of handling the most up-to-date equipment at the beginning of their careers, so that when the time comes for them to be distributed through the fleet they are well conversant with their jobs. The boys are all carefully selected before enlistment

Postage—Inland, 1½d.; Canada and Newfoundland, 1½d.; Elsewhere Abroad, 2½d.

JOY DAY IN THE MILE END ROAD: The scene outside the People's Palace as the King and Queen, cheered by thousands of their subjects, arrived last Saturday to open the handsome new successor to the old building which was destroyed by fire in 1931 after fulfilling for so many years its original function of providing "for the recreation and intellectual advancement of the working classes in the East End"

ROYAL TOUR: The King and Queen seen passing a troop of Boy Scouts during their inspection of the People's Palace, their first joint public engagement since the accession. (Pictures of the interior of the building appeared in last week's issue of "The Sphere")

" ACCURACY IN THE EAST END: This sign of welcome, shown being placed in position outside the offices of the Excelsior Philanthropic Society in preparation for the Royal visit to the People's Palace, is remarkable for the fact that it uses the words "Their Majesties" in the proper manner as a term of reference. It is not generally known that the phrase can only be employed either after or in conjunction with the words "King and Queen," never in any circumstances otherwise. The mistake is often made in quite responsible quarters

32–34 St. Bride Street, E.C. 4.

Wednesday, February 17, 1937.

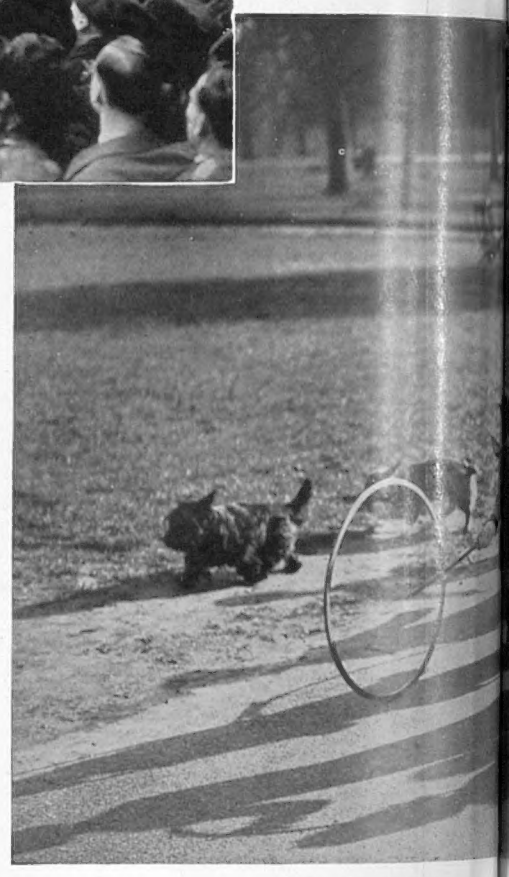
LYING TONGUES AND ROYALTY.

—A new type of fiction writer has emerged to demonstrate how easy it is to "live on royalties." We did not care much for the manner or matter of the American Press cuttings sent us last autumn on the subject of our Royal Family. But apparently the commercial possibilities of such matter and manner have not escaped shrewd promoters of journalism, and new journals slavishly copied from America devote pages weekly to the Royal Family. And spoken gossip was never more rife. The twaddle written and talked ad nauseam would do no harm at all if the nation were in a more advanced state of education, for the errors are so gross as to be laughable, and the inaccuracy with which titles and courtesy titles are handled in this chit-chat of high society shows instantly the hand of the back-kitchen. But those who run, read; and those who run are not literate or informed. The printed word is still gospel for the masses and the printed lie is magnified a hundredfold by the malicious or foolish tongues of the sensation-mongers. And the printed untruth and half-truth give the tongue full rein. The King is the choicest victim—it is assumed that his burden is not already heavy enough. Apparently he may be safely made a victim and has no legal redress. He is not so much above as outside the law. He is fair game. London and the Empire are agog with lying rumours about his health. Every announcement in his programme of duties is taken as an indication that his health is being carefully nursed; every change in his programme clearly proves the existence of a new malady. Truly we serve our most hard-worked public servants ill. The King—to say the bare truth—is a very healthy, normal man. No one who has borne with him the burden of a long day's shooting would doubt it or fail to envy him his energy and strength. Between now and July there stretches before him a list of fixtures staggering in bulk, in responsibility, in exigence, and in variety. It is literally impossible to add any more, or to fit into a working day of twelve hours more fixtures than are already in contemplation. When the question of fitting in a visit to India this year was found to be quite impracticable, of course the decision was laid at the door of the King's health. It was forgotten that plans for visiting India in 1937 had been made by a former sovereign. It was forgotten that King George had shouldered a mass of the Duke of Windsor's commitments in addition to his own. It was a new handle with which the malicious and the empty-headed could embarrass a hard-working public servant. King George is in point of fact the typical, healthy Englishman, the type of country gentleman in whom Englishmen have for centuries taken pride. He smokes a pipe and hates fuss and formality, loves sport and country life, and can never again get his fair share of its delights because he has to work so hard at office routine. If his health were not good, it were rank lunacy to arrange 50 per cent. of the programme to which already he is committed in 1937. That is the proof positive that he is in sound health and possesses marked energy and reserves of strength beyond the ordinary. One would say therefore that expediency (if not decency) suggests that those who unashamedly are content to live on their royalties should discourage all who seek to make capital out of those assets by mud-slinging and gossiping.

A London NEWSLETTER

THE ROYAL HOUSEHOLD.—

With the Coronation but three months away, it was essential that the Royal Household should be composed in all departments of people thoroughly versed in their duties and in the intricate details of procedure. Sound and loyal subjects have, it is true, expressed the hope that in due course a certain democratisation will gradually be embarked on by the training up in these duties of officials not "born in the purple," so that the Monarchy may be as democratic in appearance as in reality and practice. Time enough for that. At the moment, those best qualified to perform these intricate functions have been selected—so it is semi-officially announced. In his secretariat the King has all the experience and all the high tradition of his father's great reign. The counsel of Lord Wigram, who was trained under Lord Stamfordham; the sixteen years' experience of Sir Alexander Hardinge; the wide experience of other secretaries (who have acted for three sovereigns in the course of a single year). Indeed such wealth of experience was available, that it was possible to secure for the Duke of Gloucester the services of Sir Godfrey Thomas who was the Duke of Windsor's secretary throughout the whole of his career as Prince of Wales and deputy for the King, in duties which now will fall to the Duke of Gloucester. The Duke of Buccleuch succeeds the Duke of Sutherland as Lord Steward, and no better appointment than the Duchess of Gloucester's brother could be found, as he is outstanding in courtesy, charm, tact, and administrative ability. The Duke of Beaufort remains as Master of the Horse. In short, a family party and a particularly jolly and efficient



HOOP-LA! Children romping in the park on a morning of February sunshine—a welcome change from recently prevailing weather conditions

party. Lord Granard and Lord Hamilton carry on with their Ascot duties. In the Queen's household the weight of experience is not less. I doubt if there ever was a Royal Household better qualified to ensure the cheerful and efficient and graceful and popular working of functions which can be deadly dull and over formal. A sense of humour is likely to sweeten the whole business, with no loss of dignity.

U.S.A.—"THE LAW'S A HASS."—President Roosevelt knows when to bide and when to strike. He has thrown a bomb into those United States. Once the explosion is over and the smoke dispersed, I doubt whether even the most conservative American minds will dispute that the Law in America is indeed dangerously near disrepute. But hard words will be exchanged and a bitter battle fought over the political issue, if not the constitutional. The hierarchy of courts in the Judicature, the whole over-elaborate Federal Courts system, have for years made nonsense of the ordinary administration of justice, and lately made a fool of the Legislature. It seems at first reading queer to us that the President takes his stand on the latter plank and not on the former. There could be no charge of bias in the contention that the muddle of the Federal Judicature makes

ordinary justice for the citizen expensive, dilatory, and even partial. Even "big business" has long declared that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor in America—to the damage of the rich most often. But it is a life's work to get to understand that system, built up so slowly and painfully to satisfy American democratic ideals and American humanity and sentiment. Therefore we must not express surprise that, to cure such a muddled system, the President sets in the forefront two seemingly indirect reforms—to secure a higher percentage of "youth" on the bench and to curtail the powers of granting injunctions by the Federal Courts.

THE BIRTH-RATE—A SUDDEN CRISIS.—Thomas Malthus should be living at this day. He would have been so vitally interested in the statistics which Mr. Cartland produced in the House last week to show how tremendous a problem our declining birth-rate will prove within a decade. It is a bombshell, and Malthus, who died a century ago, would have rubbed his hands over it. We must scratch our heads. The man-in-the-street has of late years vaguely grasped the question of birth-rate decline and conceived it to be one which might worry his great-grandchildren. Mr. Cartland's figures show it to be a pressing problem of to-day. Deaths will overtake births (at present rates) by 1940. Before 1945 there will be 500,000 fewer juveniles available for employment. By 1957, we shall need to build, instead of 1,000,000 houses per year, only 4,500!! There will be far too many schools and not a man or boy to spare for Empire settlement. These figures, if they are soundly based, speak a mouthful, and it is difficult to see how a Royal Commission can "issue its report," and Government act upon it by "stimulating procreation," within a full generation. If that be so, then Mr. Cartland's prophecies may come true. And indeed, dangerous as the future must be, the first immediate results of the decline are not unattractive to the shortsighted who are tired of being jostled in an over-crowded world where employment is so hard to find, where public schools can enforce "monopoly" charges, where the countryside is changing into one vast and hideous suburb and every ugly feature of human life speaks to an overcrowded world. It is of first-rate interest to all—this sudden bombshell, and no doubt at all it is of urgent importance to grapple with it.

OXFORD'S APPEAL FOR MONEY.—Oddly enough, this problem of birth-rate decline is one of the "selling points" in the great appeal for £1,000,000 for research work at Oxford, which Lord Halifax launched last week. Oxford only last year received a stupendous gift of millions from Lord Nuffield. At first blush, she appears presumptuous in "behaving like Oliver Twist." Why does she want more money? She is alleged to be very rich. Medical research is safeguarded. The Bodleian's needs are being furnished with faith in the unflagging generosity of those who realise the Bodleian's importance. It may seem a vague and oblique argument to set in the forefront of the appeal that Oxford's special task is to develop the human and social sciences and to link them up with the natural sciences. But it is far from oblique. It is a vital and pressing need for the best equipped centre of knowledge to strike *now* at the heart of the world's trouble—man's failure to control human nature and the economic and social machinery which he created and which he now finds has "taken charge" and threatens to destroy him. It is the Juggernaut gyroscope, man-made and man-destroying. A million pounds is a small sum to find if it enables Oxford to help in some way to wipe out the debt balance of our knowledge of human sciences and so to direct our outstripping advance in scientific research which undirected is sheer danger to civilisation. It is a question of subscribing "blind" and in faith.

SIR EDWARD MARSH.—A little announcement in the Court Circular of February 11 told us that the King had received Mr. Edward Marsh and invested him with the Insignia of a K.C.V.O. Thus Mr. Eddy Marsh receives as a personal tribute from the King a knighthood which in another form he might long since have received in the way of routine as a valuable servant of the public in the Dominions Office. But all his life he resisted routine promotions. He preferred to remain perpetual private secretary to a succession of Dominions Secretaries, and he showed the ropes to numbers of them of all parties from Winston Churchill to Jimmy Thomas. His long association with the former brought him most into the public eye, for the public knew nothing of his long and invaluable service as liaison officer between the Dominions Office and the King's secretariat. He had a brilliant career at Cambridge and served as private secretary to Joe Chamberlain, Alfred Lyttelton, Churchill, Asquith, Duke of Devonshire, and Jimmy Thomas. He received the C.B., C.M.G., and C.V.O. at various dates. He has been an ardent supporter of poetry and the Maecenas of young poets. He wrote Rupert Brooke's Life and translated La Fontaine's fables. He is a good judge of literature and a good judge of novels, with a Victorian and sentimental bias. Yesterday he was appointed a Tate Gallery trustee. He has been an adornment of London Society as long as I can remember. And he lives in sunny, quiet rooms, filled with books, in Gray's Inn.

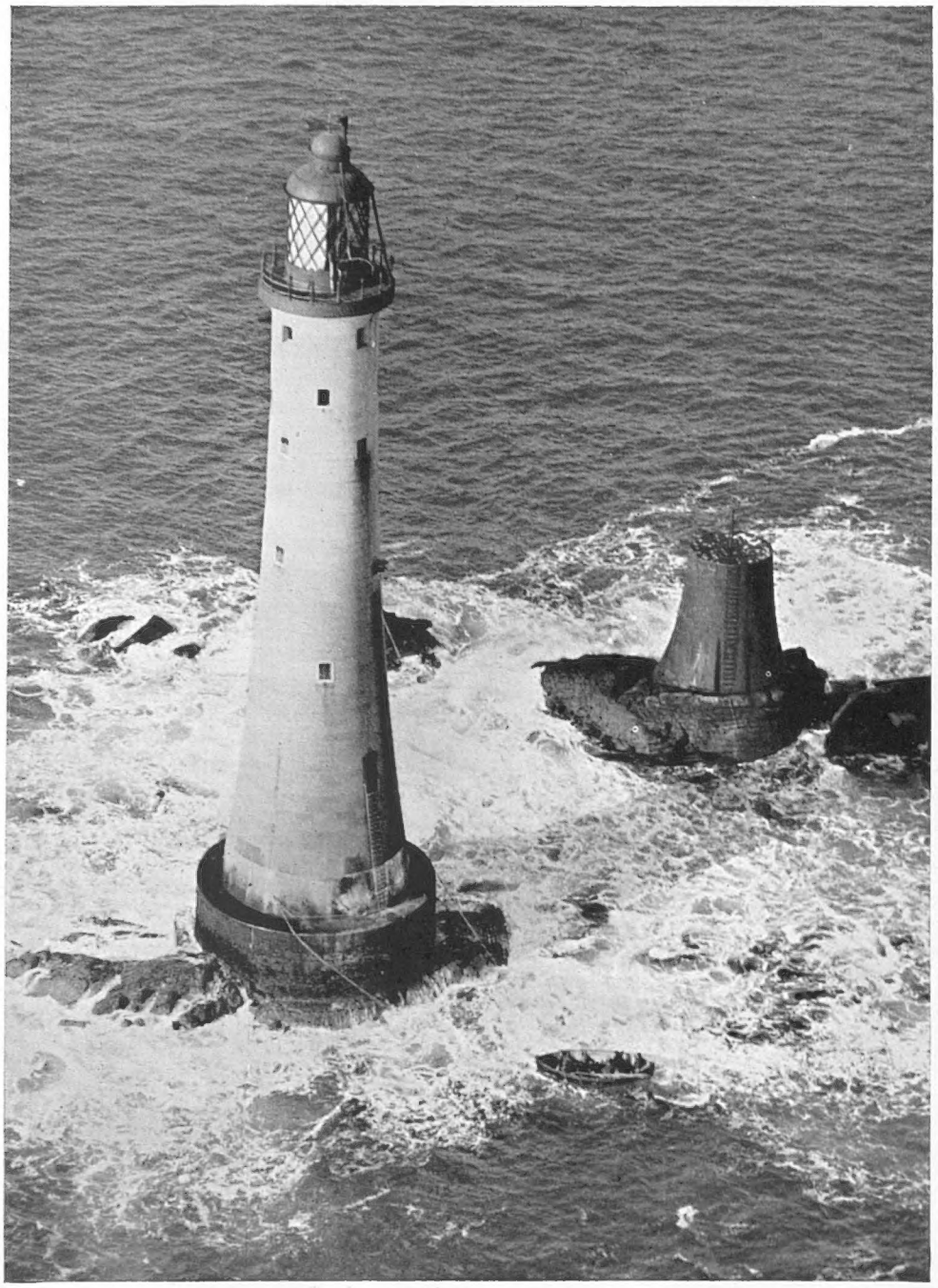
TRUNK ROADS AND AMENITIES.—It is consoling to observe that THE SPHERE'S clarion-call has been taken up. A day before Mr. Belisha published his memorandum on the lay-out of his new trunk roads the pundits of the Amenities Group issued a statement of their plans to force upon the House and the country a realisation of the dangers to the English countryside which this roads plan envisages. The giving over of new-slashed ribbons of unspoiled country to stark vulgarisation, the destruction of old houses, the uprooting of fine trees, the needless divagation (to save a mile in a hundred) from the existing devastated areas of main roads, and all the other accompanying horrors which the tastelessness, apathy, or lack of co-ordination among local authorities bring and will bring. Mr. Belisha devotes all too little space to the amenities question in his memorandum. There are some vague hints about the desirability of preserving amenities. Not a word to suggest that the poor relics of beautiful England (once our pride and a great source of income from tourists) will be used as sparingly as possible in the new programme. Redundant signs are to be removed and of course new signs are to take their place. For everything must have its label, and care must be taken that the motorist does not mistake the cycle track for the motor speedway. Wednesday's business in the House last week did show that private members of all parties are at last alive to the urgency of these dangers, if the departments still rely on "the education of public opinion." Will the inarticulate public make its voice heard? Will the still small voice of moderation be heard in the thunder of scientific glorification? Will Mr. Belisha make England a place for heroes to live in—or a race track for children and old folk to die in?

TO ENCOURAGE RECRUITING.—One way to encourage recruiting must by now be realised by Mr. Duff Cooper and the Army authorities; and that is, by long-overdue reforms to silence the legitimate grouses of serving soldiers. None is more legitimate than the grouse about the condition of many of the barracks in which units are still compelled to live, although the barracks in question have long been condemned as antiquated and hopelessly unsuited to modern standards of comfort and amenity. From Shorncliffe northwards to the Border, cavalry and infantry units are still quartered in buildings which make impossible an existence which can be called civilised, let alone attractive. There are, of course, modern barracks where amenities and comfort have been studied, but there remain still quite a number of disgraceful relics of the old days. Take as an example one cavalry barracks in Kent. It possesses no recreation room where men off duty may find recreation. A long dormitory filled with beds is their only refuge by day and night, and it is not difficult to imagine the depression of spirit and the unsanitary consequences which result from such conditions, and such lack of amenities. Small wonder if the troopers on furlough discourage their friends and neighbours from seeking to join them in surroundings which compare so ill with those of even moderately up-to-date prisons. It is strange that promise of replacing such barracks at once is not made a foremost point in recruiting speeches and that—since even now men are as important as guns and tanks—the first available expenditure is not devoted to making army life everywhere endurable at least.

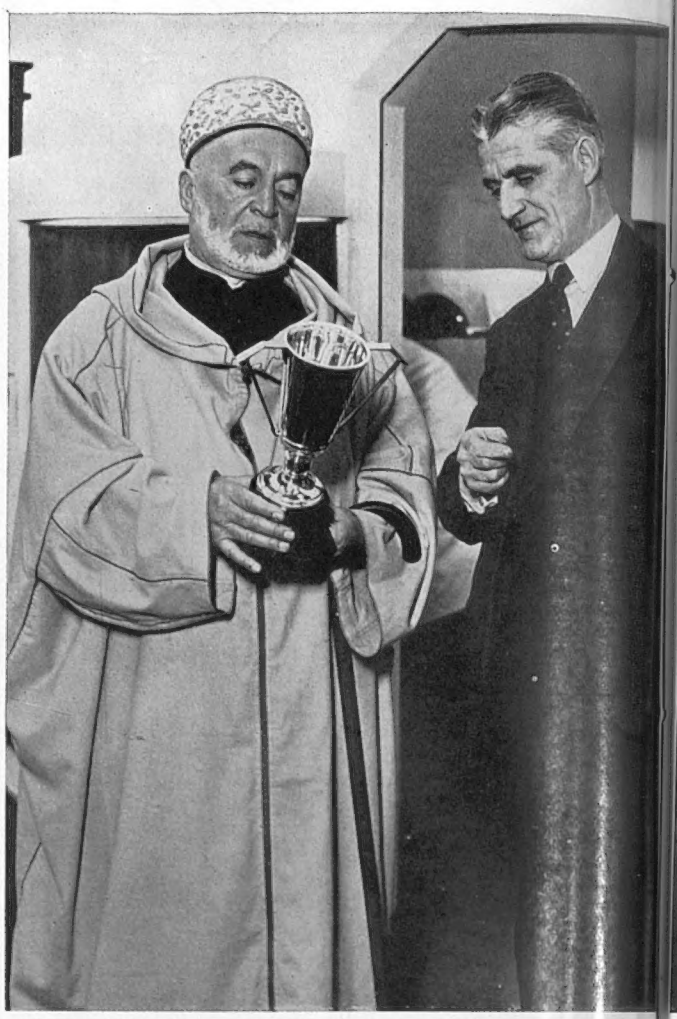
THE OLD STAGER

". . . WITH BEST WISHES": Last week the Duke and Duchess of Norfolk's wedding presents, which were previously on view at the Earl and Countess of Rosebery's house in Berkeley Square, were placed in the Baron's Hall at Arundel Castle, so that the tenantry and others might have an opportunity of seeing them. The gifts, which have an immense total value, were carefully guarded

★ HEADLINED

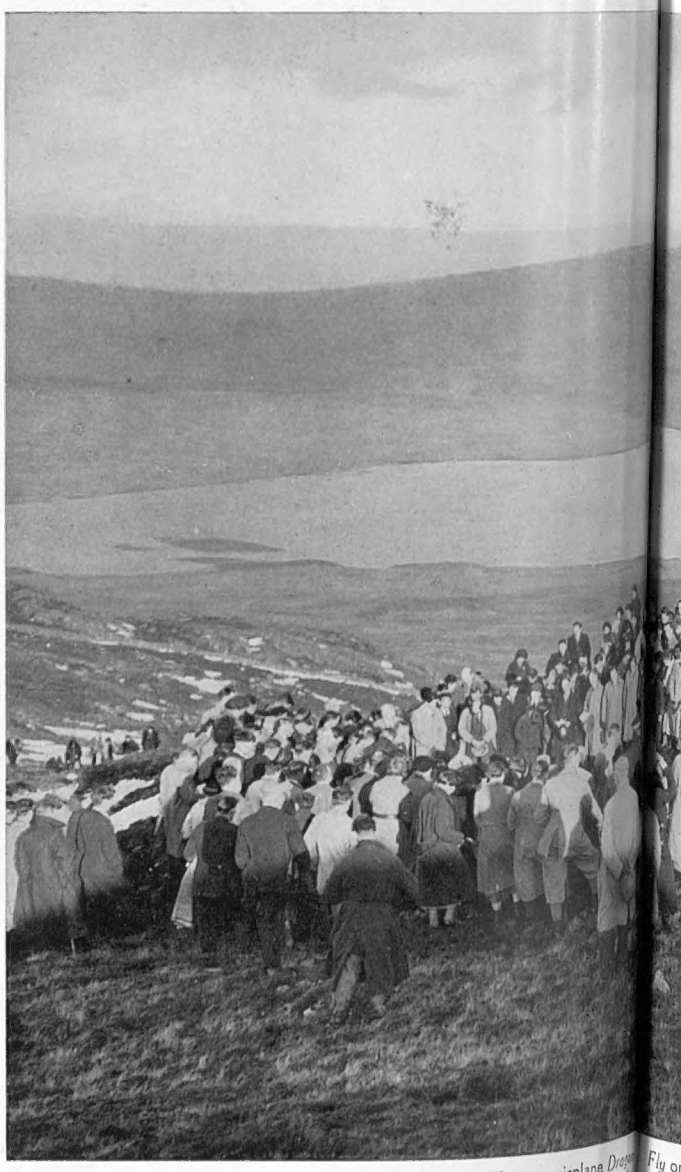


RELIEF OF THE STORM-BOUND EDDYSTONE: An aerial picture taken just after the keepers, who had been marooned for nearly three weeks on account of the high seas running, had been lowered into the relief boat prior to going ashore for a well-earned spell off duty. Towards the right are the foundations of the former lighthouse, built by Smeaton in 1759



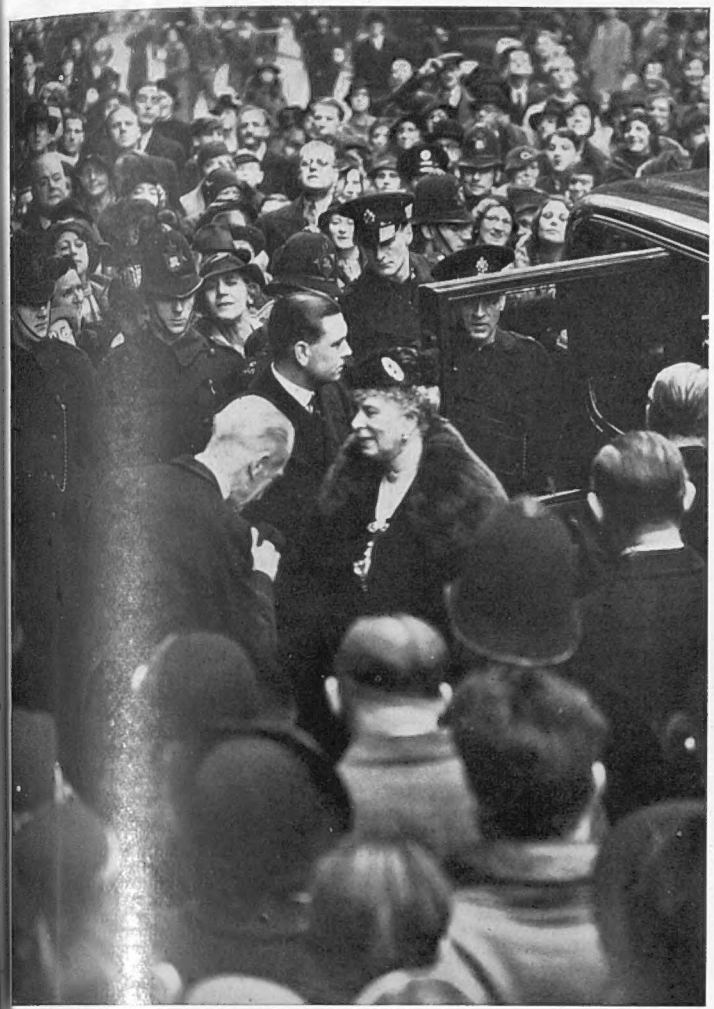
BUYING BRITISH: Sir Ahmed Hadgi, who has important trading connections in North Africa, was an early visitor to the light industries section of the B.I.F. when it opened at Olympia this week, and he is seen here examining silverware at one of the stands

TRAGEDY ON THE LINE: When these six coaches of the 10.45 a.m. York–Lowestoft express were derailed on the L.N.E.R. near Sleaford, Lincs. four platelayers, who were taking their lunch, were killed in a hut, the remains of which appear in the angle between the coaches. The train was proceeding on the curved lines in the direction of the spectator

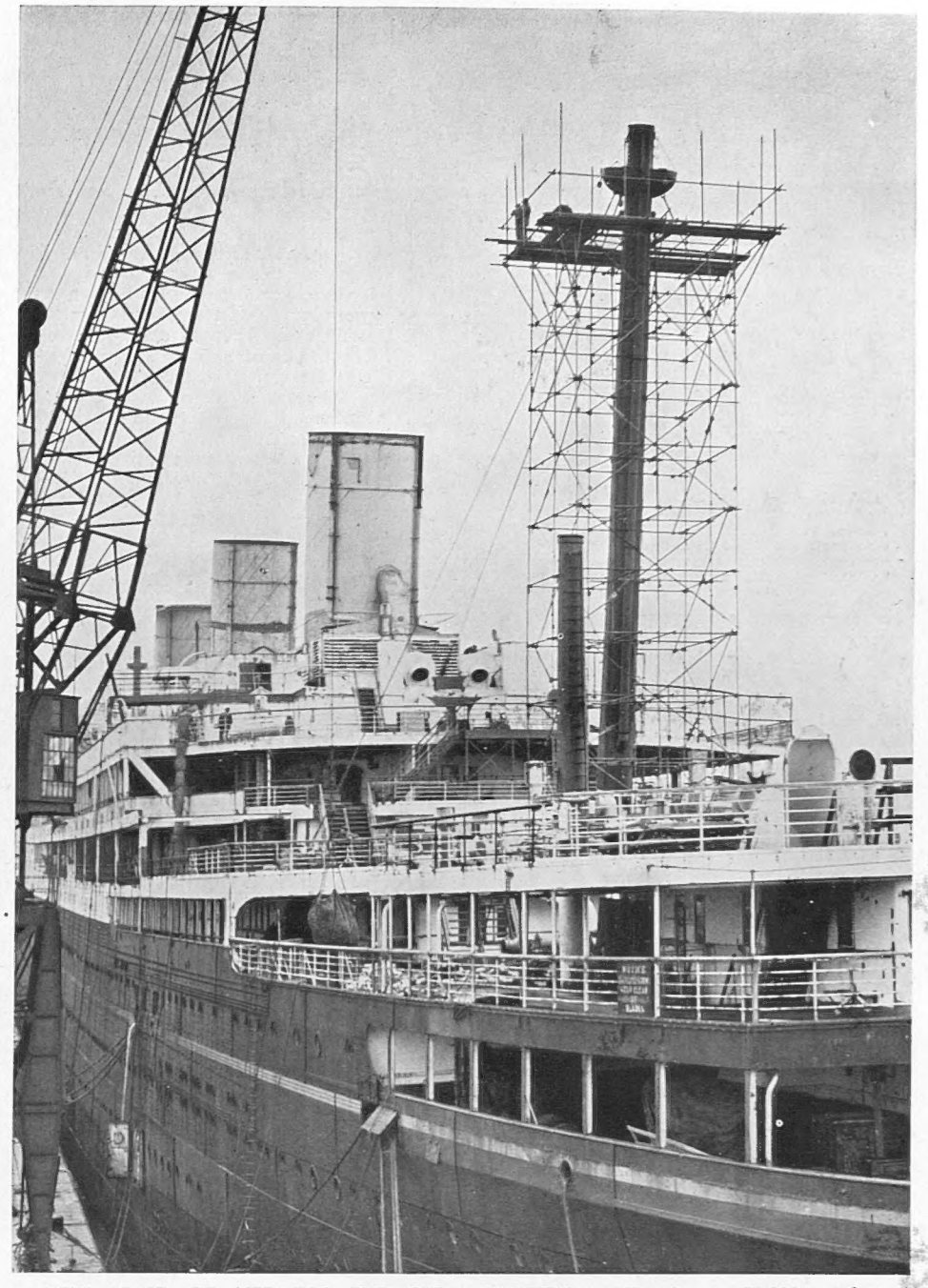


HILL-TOP RESTING PLACE: "Here fell the *Daily Express* airplane *Dragon Fly* on ... reads the inscription ... Leslie Jackson, Reginald Wesley, Archibald Philpott," ... looking ... last Sunday by the Earl of Galloway on lovely Darnaw Hill, overlooking ... land. The unveiling ceremony was followed by a short service conducted ...

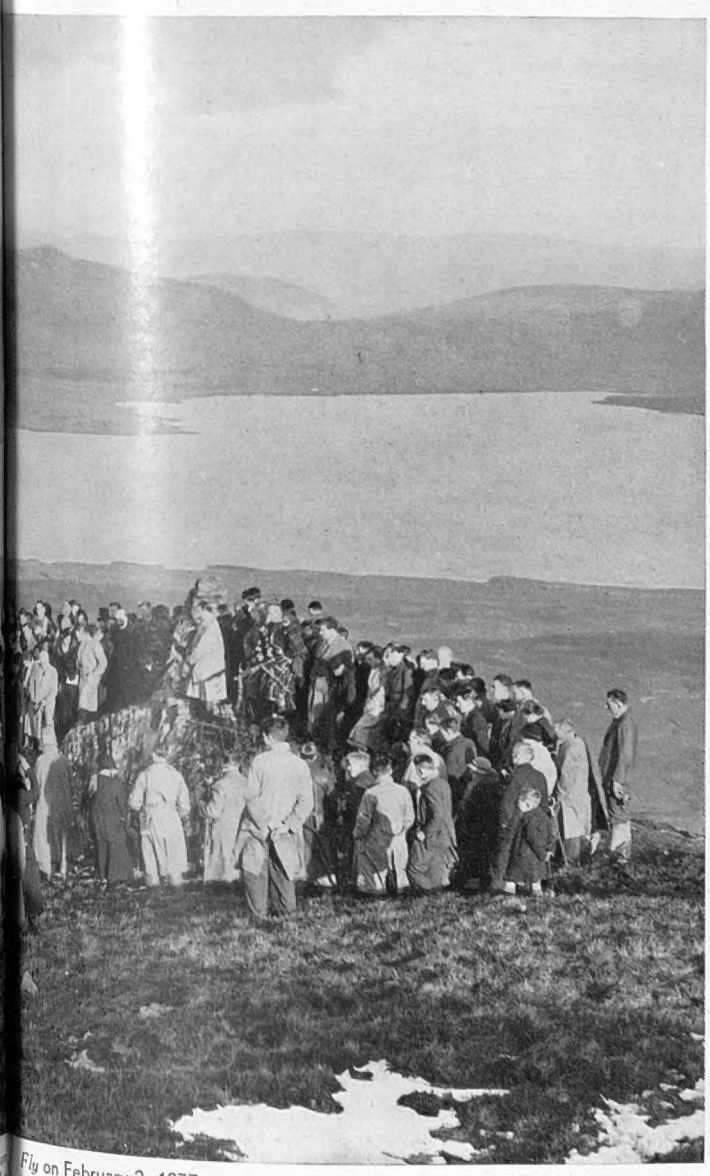
HAPPENINGS ★



QUEEN MA[illegible] AT THE THEATRE: Her Majesty watched by a large crowd a[illegible] she arrived at the St. James's last Monday to attend a matinee [illegible]f *Pride and Prejuaice*, the entire proceeds of which are being han[illegible]ded over to the re-building fund of St. George's Hospital



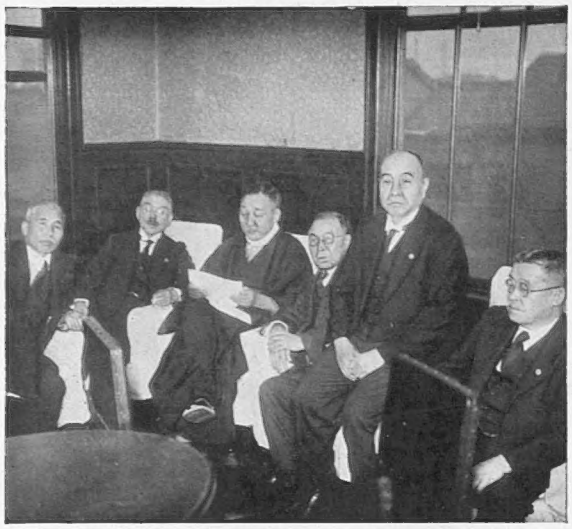
A NEW LEASE OF LIFE FOR THE OLD "MAJESTIC": The famous 50,000-ton Cunard White Star liner, at one time the largest of the Atlantic greyhounds, is now called H.M.S. *Caledonia*, and is being converted into a naval training ship. The steel scaffolding in the foreground surrounds the fighting top which is being set up on the deck for instructional purposes



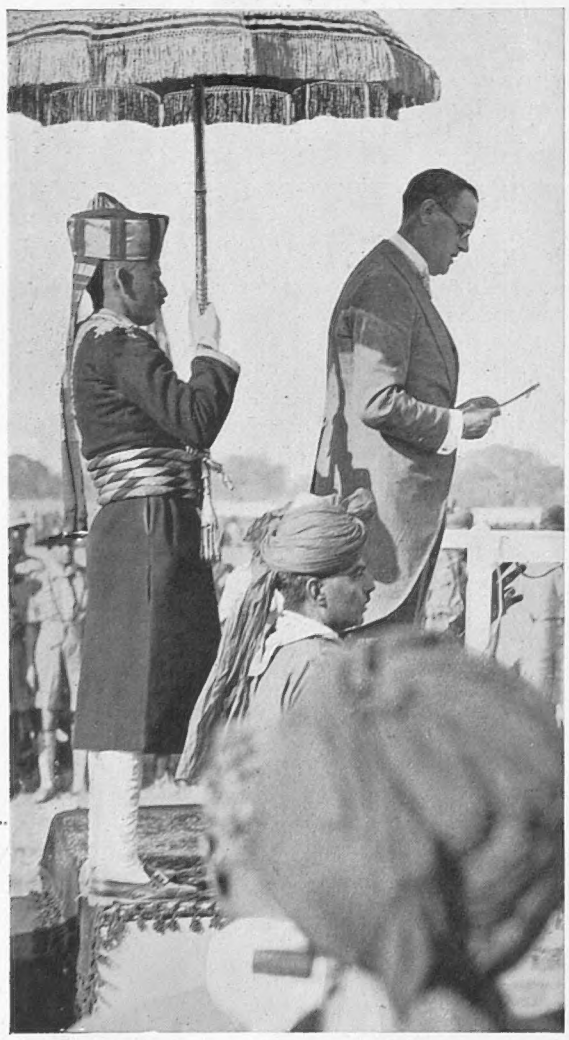
Fly on February 2, 1937, with the loss of four brave men—Harold Pemberton, [illegible]nscription on a granite boulder on the memorial cairn which was unveiled [illegible]looking some of the wildest and most beautiful country in southern Scot[illegible]ducted by the Rev. D. Russell Mitchell, of Penninghame Old Parish Church

WESTMINSTER CHIMES FOR EGYPT: The 5½-ton hour-striking bell being loaded into the hold of the S.S. *Maronian*, when the clock and chime of bells ordered by the Egyptian Government for the new University of Giza were despatched from the West India Docks, London. Four of the bells will sound the quarters with the same notes as Big Ben's satellites

FAR FROM THE CARES OF STATE: Mr. Koki Hirota, who resigned the Japanese Premiership on January 16, seen with his nephew and niece at his country villa at Kugenuma in Kanagawa Prefecture, where he is now enjoying a well-earned rest after ten months of office



THEIR STATUS THREATENED: Leading members of the Minseito, by far the strongest party in the Japanese Diet, pictured at a recent meeting in Tokyo at which they discussed their attitude to the army's intervention in politics. The new Cabinet, formed on February 1, contains no professional politicians



VICEREGAL STATE: Lord Linlithgow reading a message from the King at the opening of the All-India Jamboree at New Delhi, an event attended by some five thousand Indian Scouts and by Lord Baden-Powell himself

PICTURES FROM THE EAST

JAPAN'S "ARMY" OF POLITICIANS

The Military Intervene in the Choice of a New Premier

THE quarrel in the Japanese Diet last month had an aftermath that caused acute embarrassment to the military clique. Their refusal to make any concessions to the conservative Sieyukai party in the matter of the proposed £177,000,000 Budget had brought about the resignation of the Hirota Cabinet. The Emperor appointed General Ugaki Premier and ordered him to form a Cabinet.

This choice seems to have surprised the army leaders, although General Ugaki, now sixty-seven years of age, is considered Japan's foremost statesman. After a successful career in the army he served as War Minister from 1925 until the late autumn of 1930, and afterwards with great credit as Governor-General of Korea.

Immediately after the new Premier's appointment he was repudiated by the army's "Big Three," comprised of the retiring War Minister, General Terauchi, the retiring Vice-Minister for War, Lieut.-General Umezu, and General Sugiyama, late Inspector General of Military Education. Lieut.-General Umezu, acting as spokesman, declared that General Ugaki was not acceptable to the army. He refused to give reasons.

Even when the attention of the "Big Three" was called to the disloyalty to the Emperor implied by their opposition to his will, they declined to explain their attitude beyond saying that General Ugaki, as Premier, would endanger "the unity and discipline of the army." Their antagonism to General Ugaki, they said, was not constitutional but personal, and was concerned with a story of past events which the army wished to forget.

This vague explanation did not satisfy the nation, who interpreted the army's attitude as one more proof of its desire for a dictatorship. The "Big Three" vehemently denied this charge. Their spokesman asserted that the army was ready to co-operate in a constitutional government and willing to observe all the powers of the Diet. They were not working towards Fascism. They appealed to General Ugaki himself as a veteran statesman and a patriot not to force exposure of the past by a stubborn refusal to resign.

General Ugaki resigned. Actually no other course was open to him since he could not form a Cabinet without a war minister and the appointing of a war minister was the prerogative of the army. After five days of ineffectual parleying, he informed the Emperor of his failure to carry out the Imperial command. Simultaneously, as a protest, he said, against the "political organisation within the army," he resigned his military rank.

Although it was common knowledge, before this incident, that General Ugaki was unpopular with the high command, few persons besides the principals were acquainted with the story behind the fact. Owing to the strict secrecy which has prevailed in the recent crisis, few are wiser now. But Tokyo has been alive with whisperings, and the significance of certain mysterious happenings between 1930 and 1937 has been privately explained by the knowing. The general public remains uninitiated.

Last month during the days of suspense between General Ugaki's appointment and his resignation, the statement was frequently heard that he would have been Premier long ago but for the army's opposition. This was generally attributed to his having, in order to effect economy, reduced the army by four divisions when he was War Minister.

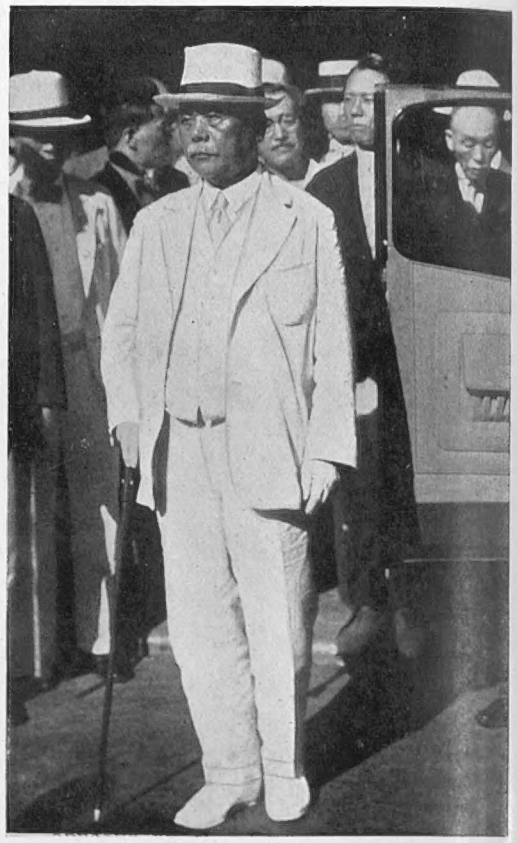
He further antagonised a powerful section of the military party by his uncompromising support of the London Naval Treaty in 1930. The Treaty was ratified on October 4 of that year, but the dissension it had aroused caused the Cabinet to resign.

General Ugaki, no longer War Minister, held a place on the War Council, where he came into bitter conflict with his military rival, General Kanaya, then Chief of the Imperial General Staff.

From this period starts the series of events which the high command wishes to forget and to have forgotten.

The knowing in Tokyo say that one day in March, 1931, a small band of young officers and cadets crowded into General Kanaya's office, uninvited and unannounced. Their message was a warning to the General to quit his post in favour of General Ugaki. It was the first time that young Japanese officers had defied their superiors.

The affair was hushed up, and the participants were dismissed from the army. It is uncertain whether General Ugaki had connived in the plot, but the rival faction had borne him a lasting grudge for the cause of an act of insubordination rising out of divided loyalties. It is a matter of known history that General Kanaya resigned, but his place was taken by an Imperial Prince, above party factions.



OPPOSED BY THE MILITARY: General Ugaki, former Governor-General of Korea, who, following the resignation of the Hirota Cabinet on January 16, attempted at the Emperor's request to form a new administration but, owing to the opposition of the army leaders, now dominant in Japanese politics, he had to relinquish the task

After this incident, General Ugaki was persistently mentioned as a possible candidate for the post of Governor-General of Korea. He disclaimed any interest in the proposal and insisted that he preferred to stay in Tokyo to immerse himself in politics. In June, 1931, he was sent to Korea.

Nevertheless, in the spring of 1932, he was credited by the army clique with knowledge of a strange happening. One morning troops surrounded the Diet. They were eventually dispersed without incident, but it was whispered that General Ugaki had planned a coup.

On May 15 of that year there occurred an even more alarming demonstration of lack of unity and discipline. Premier Inoukai was shot in his own house by a group of young officers of the army and navy. The reason given was disapproval of the Government's lethargic policy in the conduct of the Manchurian campaign.

Japan, posing just then as guardian of law and order in China, lost face before the world through this act of insubordination in the service at home.

During the quarrel in the Diet last month, Mr. Hamada taunted the army with this incident of 1932, and its corollary, the uprising of February, 1936.

But whatever the personal sympathies of the high command, the culprits of 1932 were punished by death for their offence. They were court martialed, and executed.

That the severe punishments did not permanently effect "unity and discipline" in the army was proved by the uprising of February last year. Since that time the high command has redoubled its disciplinary efforts. Fifteen officers have been shot, scores imprisoned, and hundreds demoted and transferred or retired.

During the recent parliamentary deadlock, the "Big Three" declared that if General Ugaki became Premier, the unity and discipline of the army would again be undermined.

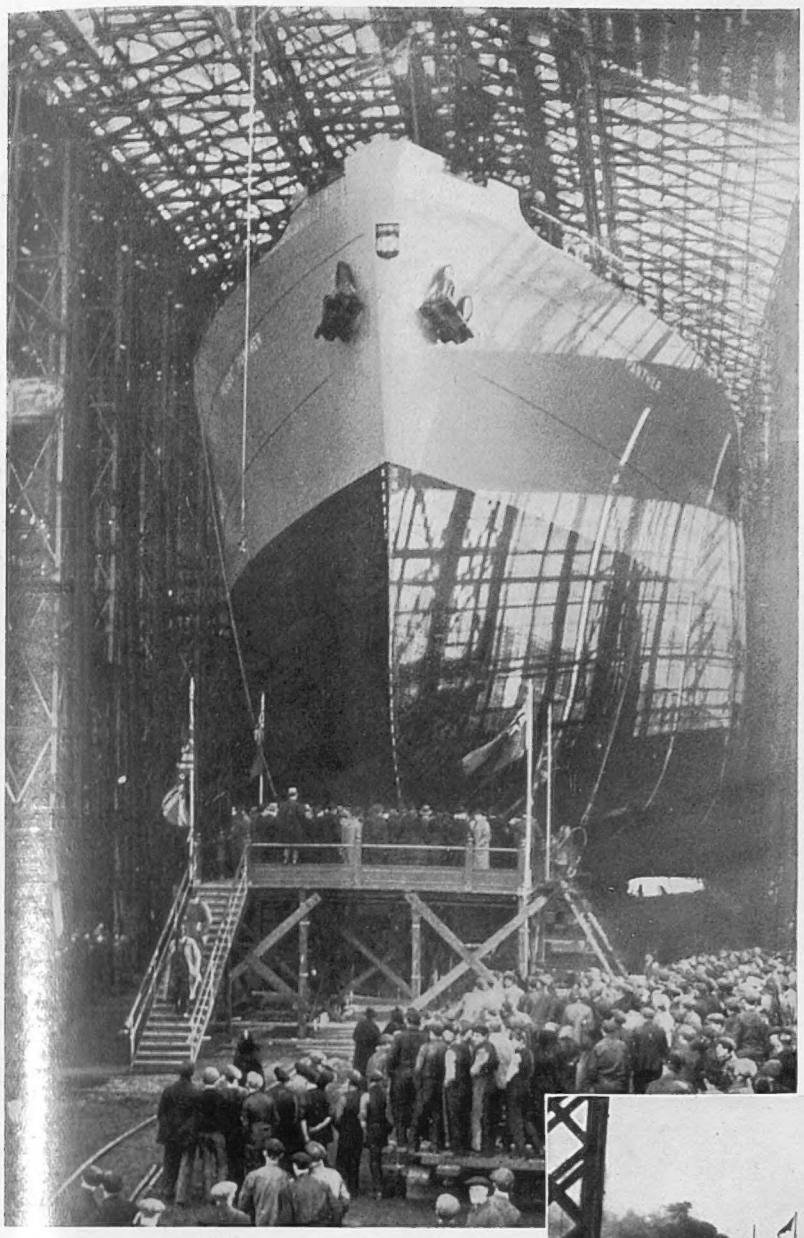
General Hayashi, the present Premier, is said to be acceptable because he has never been involved in any controversies between army factions.

F. E. Dean

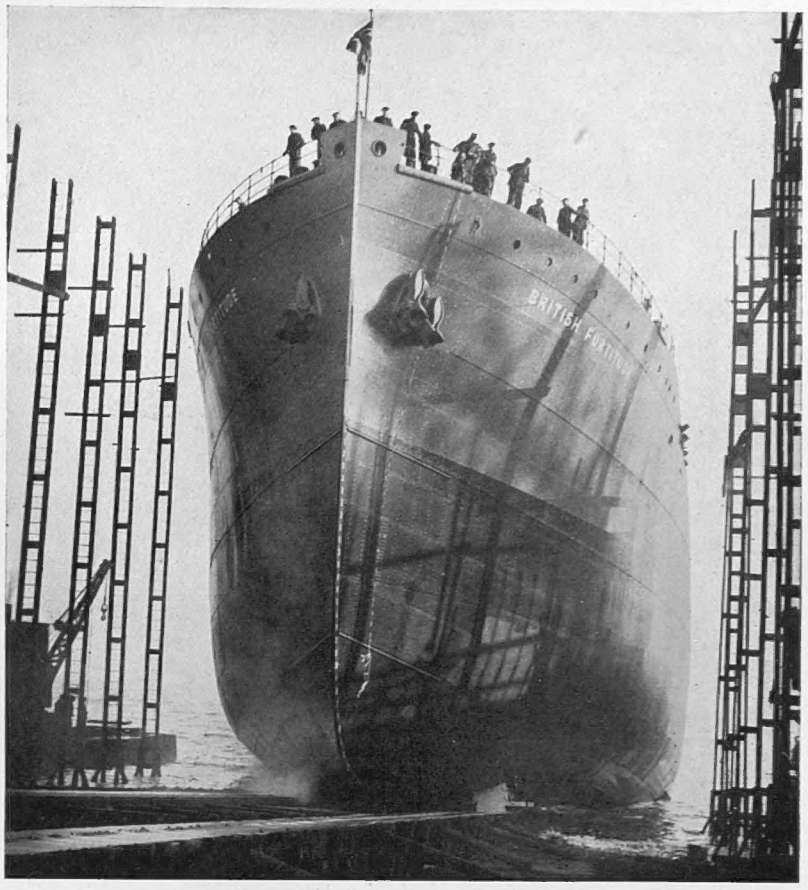
JAPAN'S NEW PREMIER: General Hayashi who succeeded in forming a Cabinet on February 1

SHIPS GO DOWN TO THE SEA

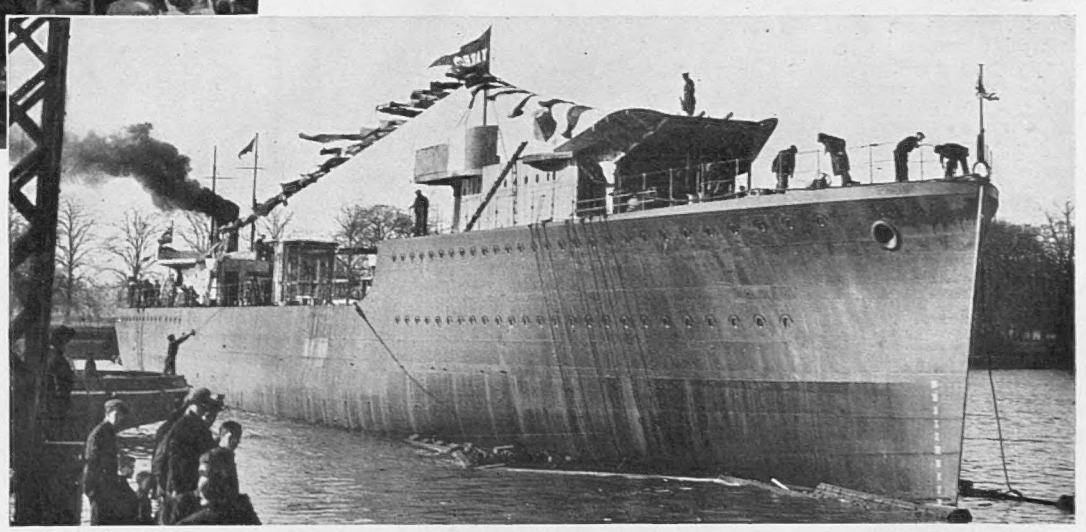
A Week of Launching Activity on Britain's Busy Slipways



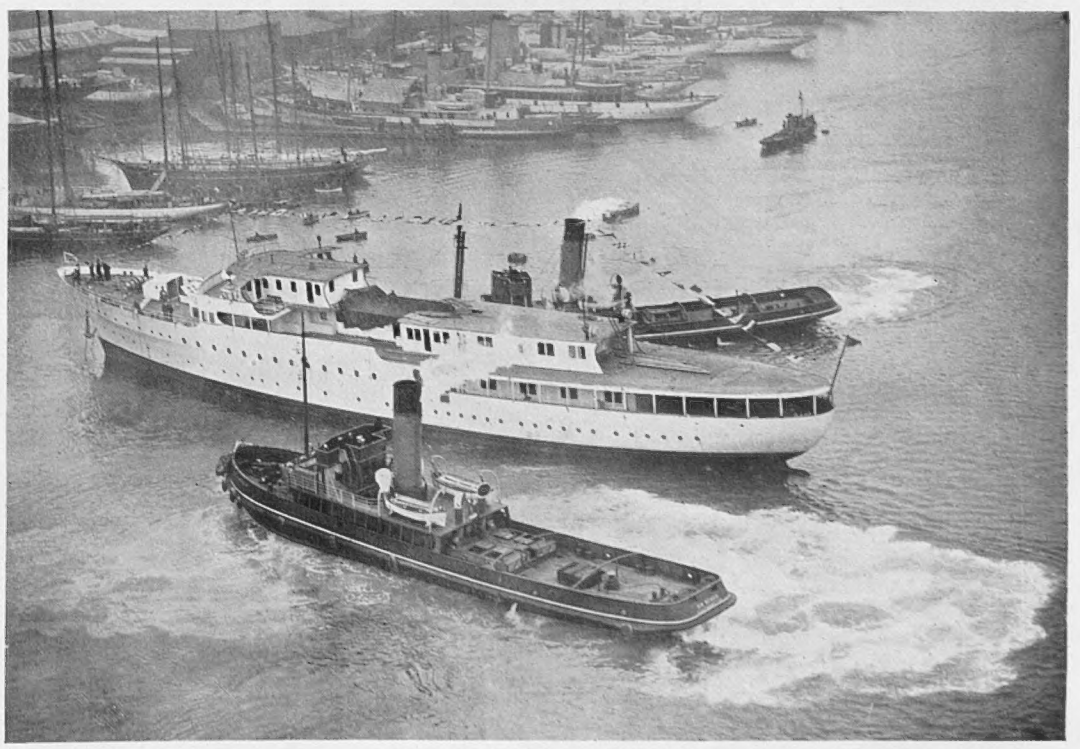
TH[illegible] FIRST LAUNCHING OF THE YEAR ON TYNESIDE: A crowd of the workmen who had helped to build her looking on as the 14,500-ton oil tanker, *Regent Panther*, was about to be launched from Messrs. Swan Hunter and Wigham Richardson's Wallsend yard, the ceremony being conducted by Mrs. Beaumont, wife of the Managing Director of Trinidad Leaseholds, Ltd. The vessel is for Messrs. C. T. Bowring and Co., Ltd. and, when completed, will go into the West Indies service with her sister ship



ENTERING HER ELEMENT: The 12,250-ton oil tanker *British Fortitude* leaving the slipway when being launched from Messrs. Cammell Laird's Birkenhead yard. At the moment there is immense shipbuilding activity on the Mersey, where new warships, passenger vessels, and cargo steamers are under construction



On right—ANOTHER NEW DESTROYER: The 1,350-ton *Ivanhoe* after she had been launched last week from Yarrow's yard at Scotstoun, Glasgow, by Miss Patricia Stansfield, daughter of Mr. J. D. Stansfield, who is Assistant Director of Naval Construction



"ENDEAVOUR'S" MIGHTY SATELLITE: *Left*—Four-year-old Tommy Sopwith watched by his father and mother, Mr. and Mrs. T. O. M. Sopwith, as he was about to name their new yacht, *Philante*, before she was launched at Southampton last week. This luxurious twin-screw vessel of over 1,600 tons, which is depicted on right after the ceremony, has been built by Messrs. Camper and Nicholson to a design by Mr. C. E. Nicholson and an important part of her duties will be to act as escort and storeship for the owner's racing cutter *Endeavour II*, the challenger for the America's Cup. The *Philante* is the largest motor-yacht ever built in the United Kingdom, having an overall length of 263 ft., a cruising radius of 7,000 miles, and a designed speed of fourteen knots. She will carry *Endeavour's* spare mast on deck, and spare sails and gear in a specially built compartment abaft the forecastle deck. It is hoped that she will be ready to run her trials in May

SHELL-TORN MALAGA: A graphic picture taken in the Calle Larios, the principal shopping thoroughfare, where only one building stood intact following the terrific land and sea bombardment preceding the capture of the town by the rebels

SPAIN

MAN AT WAR:

The Present Military Situation in the Peninsula Surveyed

AS this fratricidal drama develops, the necessity for establishing unity of command in the field emerges ever more clearly. The principle has of course existed through our historic time. Every great military commander, from Caesar and Hannibal on, has stressed the principle in the maxims each has laid down for the guidance of his successors; and yet this root principle to compass complete victory is neglected, and the inexorable logic of cause and effect is required to drive the lesson home. Our own experience in the great war is an example, and to-day it is illustrated once more in the Spanish Peninsula, particularly amongst the reds.

When the explosion occurred in July last the Government hastily disbanded their standing army whose loyalty they doubted, and in their place enrolled local militia battalions. But these regiments were raised by various political factions and Trades Union committees with little internal organisation, particularly of the larger units; and so it came about that, for lack of an experienced general staff, the red troops varied in quality and in military value. When called on to act in unison with similar bodies raised in various provinces, brought hurriedly to the front to check the foe, they had little in common save an intense enthusiasm for the cause, and no recognised principles to co-ordinate military action. Moreover, for lack of training and of experienced leaders, the red armies could not manœuvre freely across country. Consequently they showed a tendency to cling to the roads. Thus the whites, with their leaven of trained men, specially Moors, constantly outflanked the reds, and with comparative ease turned their strongest positions. As weeks and months passed, the red political leaders, having realised this weakness, have striven hard to amend the disadvantage of fighting over extended areas with heterogeneous collections of armed men, though brave individually.

But it is only recently that uniform military organisation has been evolved, with recognised commanders and staff, and this system is still in the course of evolution whilst their enemies press them hard day by day. Foreigners have been called in to teach them leadership, and if the truth were known, their task has been heavy indeed, faced by prejudice and jealousy on the part of self-constituted leaders of the various unions and factions whose powers of leadership and combination in battle had been tried and found wanting. The lesson of unpreparedness for war and its dire consequences we can well apply to ourselves, for it would seem that our youth are not in the mood to enlist to ensure national safety.

Of a sudden, fierce fighting has broken out round Madrid. Not only is Aranjuez closely threatened, but 20 miles to the north some 8 miles south-east of Madrid, a sudden and vigorous thrust by white has given him Vaciamadrid and Arganda. These places are close to the junction of the rivers Manzanares and Jarama and enable white to stride and close the main road to Valencia. Having lost this road, red can reach the coast only via Guadalajara and Cuenca.

The whites have shown patience and determination in their advance on Malaga from Algeciras. Linea, Ronda, Estepona, Marbella, Antequera, Colmenaran—all names of towns large and small which have been won, step by step, after days of bitter fighting, alternating with weeks of preparation for a further advance. The mountainous nature of this southern theatre of war has been to the defenders' advantage, for on the landward side of Malaga stands a mountainous horseshoe, buttressed southward by innumerable valleys and spurs, affording endless defensive positions of natural strength. Lack of trunk roads and railways in this theatre has made white's task of maintaining his field armies a matter of difficulty. But now that Malaga is his, his base is moved 100 miles or more eastward, and thus he can the more easily form his plans for the capture of another important red port, viz. Almeria.

Even a month ago it seemed still improbable that white would seriously press northward once Madrid had fallen. It was then conjectured that white would shepherd red into a tract, some 100 miles wide, parallel with the Mediterranean coast from the Franco-Spanish frontier at Rosas to Almeria. But if, as seems not unlikely, white can break through the mountains around Teruel and seize it, he will strike a serious blow at Valencia. With this place in General Franco's hands he would be able to subdue the provinces of Valencia, Murcia, and Granada.

"WHENCE ALL BUT HE HAD FLED": A Government volunteer (right) who delayed his departure and was captured by the rebels when they made their entry into Malaga after the great bombardment

S. L. Cra'ster

BATTLING WITH THE MISSISSIPPI BELOW MEMPHIS: Men engaged in strengthening and raising the height of a levee in an attempt to prevent the flood waters of the great river from spreading far and wide across the low-lying country

AMERICA

NATURE AT WAR:

The Mississippi Floods Climax a Long List of Calamities

THE floods that swept down the Allegheny and Monongahela Rivers into the Ohio River at Pittsburgh and on down the Ohio into the Mississippi have worked the greatest havoc in the history of catastrophe in the United States. More than 1,000,000 people were rendered homeless. Many of them, including some children, were carried more than 100 miles from their homes. Property damage rose into the hundreds of millions of dollars. Life in eleven States has been profoundly dislocated. These are Pennsylvania, Ohio, West Virginia, Kentucky, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri, Tennessee, Arkansas, Mississippi, and Louisiana. Last summer all these States were stricken by the greatest heat and drought in the history of the country. A year ago they were the victims of a flood almost as great as the present one.

AFTERMATH IN THE OHIO VALLEY: Householders clearing water, mud, and other debris from the second floor of their home in Portsmouth, Ohio, on returning to it after the flood waters had begun to recede. A picture typifying the domestic upheaval caused by the American floods

The possible meaning of this greatest flood in American history for the future of the country deserves considerable reflection. It comes as the presumable climax to a long list of calamities. Ever since the United States entered the world war it has been afflicted as never before in its history, and since 1934 the record has been chiefly that of one catastrophe after another. But it has never suffered anything of the scope and significance of this flood, and it may be that the end is not yet.

It may be very much to the point in this connection to consider the statement of an erudite engineer, Roland Harwell, of El Paso Water Improvement District No. 1, El Paso, Texas, to the effect that we do not yet have enough data about the United States to know what kind of country it is, or what to expect from the natural forces that control it. Harwell has pointed out that in prehistoric times there was once a drought in the United States that lasted for about 300 years, and that the present white population has occupied the country for scarcely more than 200 years.

Whatever else may be true, it is clear that nature is co-operating with profound social upheaval in the country to work profound changes in the United States. Every new disaster, and each one seems to be greater than the last, is buttressing the position of President Roosevelt that the Government should be not only a political agency but a social and economic agency. With each new calamity it becomes less and less possible for the individual to retrieve his fortunes and to work his way back out of the depression by his own, unaided efforts. It is problematical, for example, how far the people who have lost property in the flood area can go toward restoring themselves, but it is certain that many of them, who may have possessed a great deal, will be helpless.

Even if there are those who still have funds, the extent to which their future activities will be crippled is pathetically obvious.

NO RESPITE: These houses in Evansville, a city that bore the brunt of the recent floods, were reduced to this condition when the roof of a neighbouring building was blown into them in a tornado

Nelson Springer

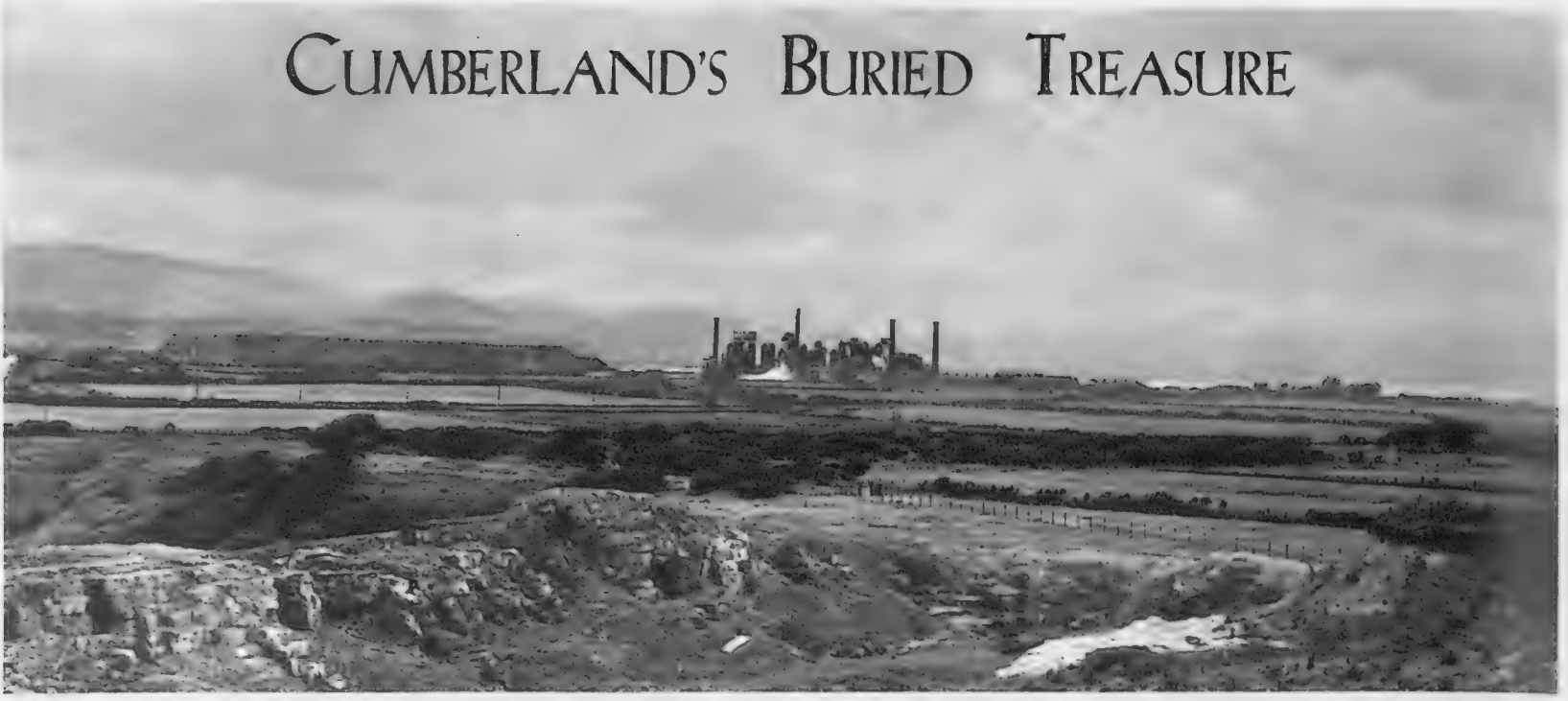
SPAIN'S PEOPLE—
In Peace and In War

RECOUNTING HER EXPERIENCES: A villager describing to two members of the Andalusian volunteer force what life was like under red rule. A picture taken during the successful insurgent drive on the port of Malaga

FRANCO'S MEN: Colonel Bartoman (left), who was in charge of operations, and two colleague officers pictured during a lull in the battle for the Government munition dump at Retamaris, an important objective on the outskirts of Madrid

MEMORIES OF HAPPIER TIMES: A fish hawker (*above*) and a toy-bird seller (*right*)—two typical itinerant vendors of Malaga in the days before the civil war when this south-east coast seaport enjoyed a leisurely, unhurried life, and a tourist trade of enviable proportions. Now the cruising liners no longer call there and the place, which recently fell into insurgent hands, bristles with guns and daily resounds to the tramp of marching men

CUMBERLAND'S BURIED TREASURE



A LAND RICH IN CONCEALED WEALTH: Looking towards the great iron works at Millom from the iron ore mines of Hodbarrow; a view showing in the foreground limestone outcrop which has cave-like openings indicating where veins of ore have been followed to the surface from a mine below. Cumberland possesses some of the richest ore deposits in the world, and now, with demand increasing, a new effort is being made to exploit them and, by so doing, to provide much needed employment

The Iron Ore Deposits of the North-west Coast and the New Effort to Exploit Them to Meet the Demand

IT is an irony of Fate that, beneath an area the greater portion of whose industrial workers have been unemployed for years, there should lie great stores of potential wealth such as West Cumberland possesses in the deposits of some of the richest iron ore in the world, not to mention immense fields of coal of very high quality, and here and there lead and copper ores.

Iron ore is in the position of being in such demand that the mines at present in production cannot supply the blast furnaces of Cumberland and Furness with sufficient. Its price has risen steadily and mines have reopened, but the stoppage of the importation of iron ore from Spain has brought about a very difficult situation for those whose business lies with production of iron and steel in this district. Many of the mines which closed down when demand ceased, or the price fell so catastrophically as to make it uneconomic to work them, are now completely drowned out, and it is problematical if they could be unwatered and made workable, though suggestions have been made that operations of the sort, if they could be financed, might be possible with some kind of central pumping station for the whole district. And dotted about the landscape in likely places gaunt tripods with plumes of white steam every now and again blown aloft tell of the vigour with which boring is being done in the endeavour to locate new ore deposits.

SURFACE WORKS OF AN ABANDONED IRON ORE MINE IN WEST CUMBERLAND: The underground galleries of many such places in the county are now waterlogged, but there are still rich deposits well worth winning if pumping operations could be carried out economically

Everywhere the same story is heard; engineering firms need iron and yet more iron, steel-makers want iron, blast-furnaces want iron ore. Iron is essential to our present civilisation; for engines and machines, for electrical generators, rails, armaments, ships; and it is some of the richest iron ore in the world, making the best iron and steel, which lies beneath a wide area of West Cumberland and across the Duddon Estuary in the Furness district.

The iron ore of West Cumberland and Furness is the variety known as red haematite, an ore exceptionally rich in metallic iron, sometimes as high as 60 per cent. in samples of outstanding grade. In some of the mines it is found in lumps known as "kidney ore" on account of its form which is that of ox kidney. "Pencil ore" is a very fine form of this ore, having the appearance of platinum at times and taking a very fine polish. Brooches and other ornaments are made of this really beautiful "pencil" ore. The haematite iron ore of West Cumberland is found most profitable to mine in the carboniferous limestone area lying between the red sandstone of the Cumberland coast and the volcanic formation of the mountains farther inland; it is true that within this outer region of mountains, lakes, and valleys considerable deposits of the haematite iron ore are known, but mining is difficult and the deposits capricious, while access is another problem, so that cost of production at the present time would be so high as to make mining under these conditions outside commercial possibility. But these deposits of ore are there in case of future need. You find it high up on Bow Fell, in the area about Red Tarn, and in the granite above Ennerdale Water and the beautiful Eskdale Valley. In this latter locality iron ore mining was carried on extensively during the iron boom of the mid-nineteenth century and the hills on both sides of the valley are honeycombed with trial "drifts" burrowed into the slopes, one mine indeed not closing down finally till 1918. This mine was worked by adits driven into the valley side; you walked into the mine, carrying a tallow candle stuck in a lump of clay, which was kept alight with great difficulty, for ventilation even a quarter of a mile inside the tunnels was surprisingly good. You could climb over 200 ft. up a great rift in the granite walls of the mine, and squeeze yourself out through an air-shaft on to the upland moor above. There is still iron ore in this mine and others across the valley of the Esk which may some day spring into life.

The carboniferous limestone of West Cumberland is centred in two areas, round Egremont and its satellite towns and villages, and after a gap of some fourteen miles, around Millom at the extreme south of the county. Egremont has been famous for its iron ore as long as Cumberland has had written history, for in 1140 William fitzDuncan, the then lord of Egremont, granted the monks of St. Bees Priory leave to take iron ore from his mine at "Chirneby" (Thorny to-day), which is within sight of one of Cumberland's most famous and up-to-date iron ore mines, the Florence Mine, whose deposit of the ore, a great mass known as a "flat," is one of the largest ore bodies ever located in Cumberland since the amazing Hodbarrow deposit was discovered at Millom.

It is believed that there are immense deposits of high grade haematite iron ore beneath Duddon Sands between Millom and the Lancashire shore where mining has been carried on for a long time. An ambitious scheme is now under consideration to embank this estuary thereby accomplishing the double object of providing isolated West Cumberland with more adequate road and rail access to the great centres of Lancashire and Yorkshire, and also of obtaining the ore beneath the sands and reclaiming much land for agriculture.

The formation of iron ore in its "flats" (beds), "sops" (pockets), and "veins" (lodes) has been much discussed: geologists to-day seem to have reached the conclusion that it is due to a permutation of limestone (or even granite or slate) into ore caused by the running down into cracks and faults of an iron-forming fluid immeasurable ages ago, a chemical reaction carried out in Nature's laboratory as, more elaborately, she has slowly transformed active radium from element to element into inactive lead. Unfortunately no one has so far found out how to turn stone into iron or to transform lead backwards into radium; clever as we are we have not yet learned to beat, or indeed to equal, Nature at her own job as alchemist of the universe.

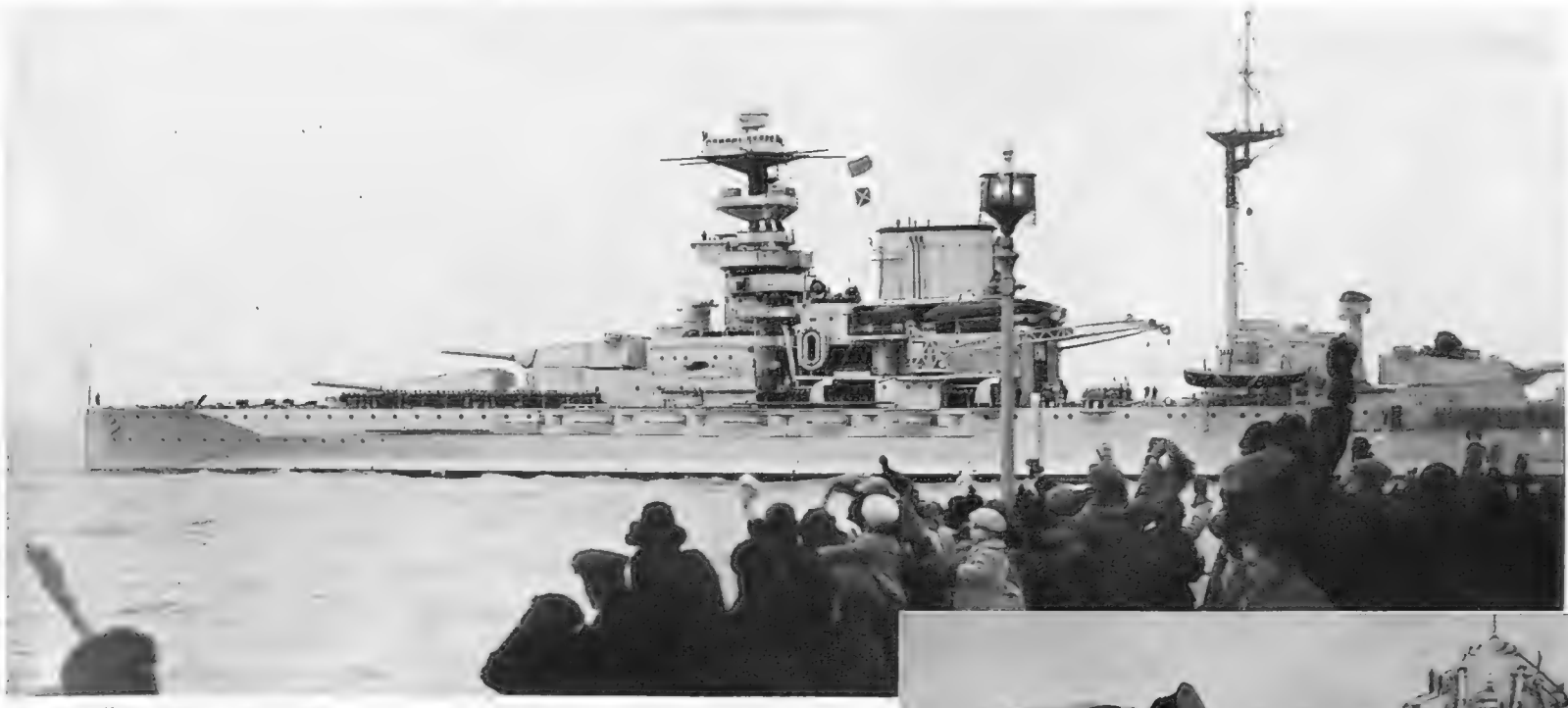
Mary C. Fair

ON LOVELY ENNERDALE: Cumberland is riddled with iron ore workings and even the rocky crags above this lake have been the scene of experimental mining, gaping cavities testifying to the extent of the operations

King George's Old Ship Completes Her Refit—The "Eagle" Leaves for the China Seas

NAVAL OCCASIONS

The "Emden" in Japanese Waters — "Blunderbusses" of Germany's Modern Navy



UNLUCKY "MALAYA": This 27,500-ton battleship, pictured here as she left Portsmouth recently for the Mediterranean after a refit at Devonport Dockyard lasting two years, came into collision off the coast of Portugal a few days ago with a Dutch steamship and, as a result, has had to return to England for repairs. King George served in the *Malaya* during the war

BOUND FOR THE ORIENT: Admiral the Hon. Sir Reginald A. R. Plunket-Ernle-Erle-Drax, Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth (2nd from left) in the hangar of the aircraft carrier *Eagle* when he inspected the officers and men before the vessel left Plymouth for duty on the China Station. *On right*—Hands engaged in painting in H.M.S. *Rodney* during the spring cruise

SHOWING THE FLAG IN THE EAST: The German cruiser *Emden*, which from time to time makes extensive cruises with naval trainees on board, pictured as she arrived in Yokohama harbour recently with a complement including 31 officers, 162 midshipmen, and 456 warrant officers. The visitors had an enthusiastic reception and were entertained both by the Japanese Navy Minister and by Fleet Admiral Prince Fushimi, Chief of Naval Staff

Drawn by D. Macpherson

NOVEL NAVAL ARTILLERY: These guns curiously bell-mouthed like a modified form of blunderbuss and also swollen farther down the barrel, have for some time past been in use on the German warships and their true significance has been puzzling gunnery experts of other nations. It now appears that this expedient has been adopted to allow of the use of streamlined shells, the enlargement of the bore helping to eradicate any bias given to the projectiles through propulsive pressure being released on one side sooner than another. The advantage consists of superior range and hitting velocity

Religion in CONTORTED EUROPE

A Survey of Its Status To-day, Particularly in the Lands that are Dictator-Dominated

SILKEN SPLENDOUR OF THE VATICAN: One of the "Pallafrenieri"—the private servants of the Pope. Their name derives from the fact that their original function in bygone days was as the brakemen of the papal coaches

By FERDINAND TUOHY

ORGANISED religion is *à la page*.

We have had our own drama, of which Mr. P. W. Wilson, writing in the *New York Times*, says: "Since an emperor stood in the snow at Canossa awaiting the will of a Pope, never has secular authority suffered so humiliating a discipline." The drama has been followed by the Archbishop of Canterbury's "recall to religion," for the effect of which we shall no doubt have to wait some while yet.

In Germany, the Catholic Church would stand up to Hitler, under the courageous leadership of Cardinal Faulhaber of Munich.

In Russia, we are assured that positive signs of a religious return have appeared, so much so, that the lapsed anti-God crusade requires to be revived.

In Spain, General Franco parades as the Church's most devoted son.

Just how does the situation in regard to organised religion stand, as a whole, on a contorted Continent? Is religion gaining or losing? Marking time? Doomed over wide territories? Is modification occurring, if not as regards goal, of how better to strive towards this?

Before exploring from country to country in search of answer, however incomplete, one broad statement has to be made. Most of the difficulties with which established worship and belief are beset abroad derive from one or other form of authoritarian State. With Russian Communism it is plain sailing. All forms of God and religion have been hurled from the earth amid monumental guffaws. With Fascism, there has been no such roaringly contemptuous rejection, yet the eventual effect may be hardly less pronounced, should Mussolinian and Nazi plans attain full fruition. The Duce's most difficult victory over the Holy See was the capture of Italian youth, and it occurred but five or six years ago. Mussolini *uses* the Church to buttress his doctrine of force. Hitler has gone one further. He intends to take over the spiritual side of German youth, as did his Latin opposite number, but the Führer is also out to create a State religion redolent of paganism.

So much said, let us begin our round by breathing in the refreshing air of the North.

The Socialist monarchies of Scandinavia exhibit minimum overt signs of practised religion. This is far from saying that they are growing cold towards Christian precept, or that they are becoming sceptically indifferent to a point of agnosticism. Pastors of Lutheran bent (chiefly) are many save perhaps in Denmark which was last summer advertising for women pastors in default of male candidates. Just let us stop a moment with Denmark. Her religion is Co-operation, and, bless us, if the founder wasn't a Bishop—the pioneer Bishop Grundtvig, whose astonishing monument, the Grundtvig Church, few visitors to Copenhagen can have missed.

Perhaps the happiest people in the world to-day, barring the fey who believe themselves Admiral Nelson or Lloyd George, the Danes have a common cause in co-operation which is more than a way of making money by joint buying and selling; it is a logical working out of democracy, alas, apparently so far only possible in a small and endowed land. Yet if Denmark is a country where organised religion could no more interfere in any State matter than I could, we need to note that the Danish national religion of co-operation had its roots in the soundest form of Christianity, as propounded by the great educationist prelate who laid down the future of the land in the words "a love of country, a belief in equality, and a dignity for all classes."

Proceeding round the Baltic, Stalin has just spread alarm and despondency among the old guard with his Article 135 of the new Constitution, permitting church-goers and their priests to vote and be elected deputies. Does Stalin picture his younger generation as sufficiently immune from "the dope of the masses" as the result of twenty years of Government derision of the Deity? Or is this shrewd ex-seminarist with an ear to the ground playing for safety, having become conscious of a popular groping away from the rigidly materialistic? Whatever the cause of his new-found leniency towards religion, which must no longer be ridiculed, Stalin has put the breeze up the semi-official Atheist League whose mouthpiece, Yaroslavsky, cries in *The Godless One*: "We must show to what extent faith in God, saints, devils, familiar spirits, water nymphs, satyrs and the life hereafter, and belief in religious services and other rites, helps to forward the business of raising wheat. We must show how much time the whole country loses by celebrating religious feasts."

Man is a religious animal—so they say; or, were it better said that he must have the right to be religious in his own way.

Holland suggests little change from well-known observance, unless it be that one has heard one Church is gaining. Yet I am not going into any creeds or denominations here. That way lies trouble. I recall one of Northcliffe's earliest fiats: "Religion is the most difficult of all subjects to write about in the Press. You cannot do it without treading on somebody's toes."

In Belgium we encounter shifting sands of a nature spreading in Europe. The Flemish half of the population is unusually devout, exception made of "Left" Antwerp. The industrial half of the country, chiefly set in the Walloon or French-speaking provinces, differs as to the importance of organised religion in the life of a nation. However, this split is nothing new. What is new is the dragging of the Church into the political arena under circumstances of much bitterness as a direct sequel to the meteoric emergence of the Nazi-visiting young Fascist, Léon Degrelle, founder of the "Christus et Rex" crusade. Degrelle, a demagogue who, the last time I was in Brussels, spectacularly followed up the annual six-day bicycle race in the Palais des Sports with six consecutive nights haranguing in the same edifice, is all for the Church to hear him. He is, of course, trying to use it. And as he is the best-hated man in Belgium by millions of citizens, this champion of the Church . . . hardly improves the latter institution's position.

On a vaster if less intensive scale has religion become identified with a political doctrine in France, that of the conservative and *rentier* Right, as opposed to the Left parties which remain as adamant as ever on the issue settled (for them) once and for all more than 30 years ago by Emile Combes: complete divorce of Church and State; with which adamancy, however, runs the widest tolerance. The Church sees itself ever more menaced by the rise of French Communism (now marking time if not receding) and is in danger of being thrust more and more into the Fascist camp—witness the Notre Dame memorial service for the "February 6" victims of three years ago. Can it be ecclesiastical wisdom to use the national church for such a passionately political commemoration?

It is necessary to proceed carefully in writing of the Republic, in that certain parts of France—Brittany, Anjou, Alsace, Normandy, to cite but four—are enduringly religious apart from all politics, if congregations do consist increasingly of women, children, and the aged. I have heard it said that 2,000,000 women church-goers are pledged to vote Right did they get the franchise and that this is one, if not the main, reason they do not get it. That religion is losing its hold on the young men, and also on the mothers of to-morrow, though to a lesser extent, one cannot doubt. Nevertheless, these mothers will continue to give their children a religious education "because it's good for them." And then later they can do as they please!

Of abiding strength to the Church, in France, is the personality of the average curé, the best mixer yet evolved in his cloth, devoted to the welfare of *mes enfants* (his parish), an ex-soldier, freely liberal in his political views no matter what the hierarchy may think, and really poor in many cases, only too needful of the gifts of wine and other commodities that are made. Where I touch each June, near Toulon, the priest gets 800 francs a year.

Calvinistic Switzerland remains heavily Sabbatarian—try Bâle or Geneva on a Sunday afternoon. They do say that worse than Socialism is preparing to rear its grizzly head in Geneva and Zürich, yet it should take a long time to shake the Swiss, in general, from their stern religious inheritance.

A more telling victory than a brace of Abyssinias was Mussolini's peacemaking of Lateran, concerning which Catholics the world over remain of divided opinion. The highest hurdle in that chapter of statesmanship was the subtle *tour de force* by which the Duce assumed control of the spiritual future of Catholic youth, until then purely of Vatican moulding. Mussolini absolutely had to have it, because his doctrine runs counter to that of the Church, which is, nominally at all events, one of peace, peace.

Has religion in the sequel lost ground in Italy? I have just been asking there, and it appears to be as yet too early to say. The churches remain crowded, and so they are likely to continue as long as the Duce practises marked friendliness towards the Holy See. One notes that his son, Vittorio, went straight to pray at the tomb of St. Peter after his recent marriage, and that Mussolini accompanied the bridal pair.

If the Nazi regime is experiencing greater difficulty in taking over Catholic boys and girls for spiritual absorption into the Hitler Youth, that is because Christianity is being openly challenged by the Reich Government. There seems to be little doubt who will win; meanwhile, following the German Cardinals' "final instructions" from the Pope, who thought he was about to die, the German Bishops have violently protested against Hitler's open flouting of the 1933 Concordat. I lift one paragraph: "We see in the so-called Christian schools now planned not only no support of the Christian faith, but an effective means to strangle the Roman Catholic faith and Christianity." The German Protestants, as distinct from Reich Bishop Muller's "German Christians," are in the same predicament as the Catholics. Hitler intends to have all German Youth, to collar it low and have done with it. The Duce's method of lessening religious influence is so subtle, by comparison: he absorbs Sundays for training of national consequence.

Of Spain, poor Spain that so many of us loved, it were better to say only this: that religion has suffered appallingly in considerable part because the peninsula continued to harbour a darker Church, more medieval in its social, economic, and financial privileges, than any other European nation.

Turkey is not supposed to be in Europe but of course very much is. I quote from Captain Armstrong's *Grey Wolf*:—

"All our troubles come from the misuse of religion in the State . . . It is a weak man who needs religion to bolster up his rule. Religion is a personal matter. Each citizen of the Republic may decide his religion for himself (Ataturk speaking, how these dictators do differ). The opinions of

(Continued on page 302)

NEWS FROM EUROPE

And the Near East—A Pictorial Survey of Foreign Events

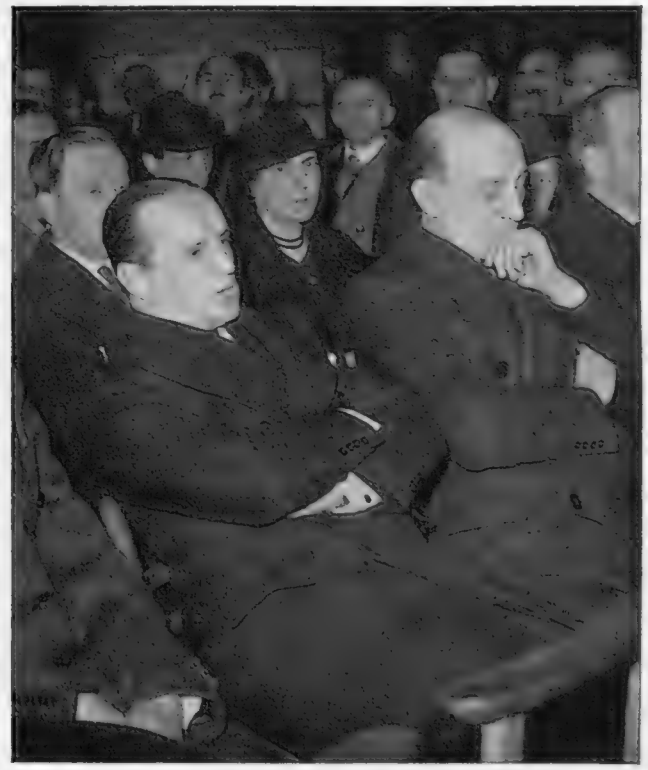
DEMONSTRATION IN DAMASCUS: A crowd gathered in front of the mosque to hear a speech by the President of the Syrian Republic on the then burning question of the Turkish attitude towards the status of the Sandjak of Alexandretta. The dispute, now amicably settled, arose from the fact that under the Franco-Syrian Treaty the hitherto French mandated territory of Syria received its independence, but Turkey claimed that the population of Alexandretta was to a large extent Turkish and urged, therefore, that it should be administered entirely apart from the rest of Syria. In the end a compromise was effected by the League

ITALO-TURKISH TENSION WAS RELAXED following the meeting in Milan between Dr. Rushdii Aras, Turkish Foreign Minister, and Count Ciano (right), Italian Foreign Minister, who discussed in an amicable spirit various points at issue between their respective countries. Previous to this relations had been somewhat strained owing to Turkey's anxiety over Italian fortifications in the eastern Mediterranean and Italy's resentment at Turkey's attitude during the Abyssinian war

A LINK WITH REGAL SPAIN: This marble bath, with silver lined interior, once belonged to Queen Isabella of Spain and has of recent years been in the Majestic, the famous Paris hotel which has had to close down and the furniture of which is being sold. The building has been acquired by the War Department

GRACE ON THE ICE: A striking action picture of Megan Taylor, of Great Britain, who won distinction last week by being runner-up to her compatriot, Cecilia Colledge, in the European Women's Figure Skating Championship. Miss Taylor showed marked improvement on last year's form, and is sure to be a force to reckon with in the future

THE OLD RAMPARTS OF STRASBOURG, fortifications now adjudged to be obsolete by the French authorities, are being blown up and all day long the city resounds to the dynamite explosions. Strasbourg has always been a strategic centre, and to-day is a key-point on the great Maginot line



HOMAGE TO THE FALLEN: Colonel de la Rocque (left foreground), leader of the disbanded Croix de Feu, at a mass in Notre Dame in memory of those killed in the Paris riots of 1934

THE WESTERNISATI

TURKEY GO

Under the Gentle Co

YOUTH MOULDED TO A PATTERN: Open-air drill at a modern Turkish school where boys and girls receive joint courses both of physical and mental training. The physical features of the children shown on these pages remain Turkish, but their "gym" kit is lifted from England without the change of a button

GLOWING HEALTH: A group of sports meetings held in the great st

OFF with his hat!

What is it all about, this hat-changing, old-religion destroying, theatre-going; this change of script and arithmetic, of beliefs, customs, clothing, calendar, and the language itself? This taking the lid, as well as the veil, off women; this general iconoclasm of all that the old Turkey held seemly? Swimming, athletics, secular teaching; what are these people trying to do? For, if you eliminate every quality that made the Turk, what are you going to have left? Above all, what is the intention of Kemal Pasha, dictator, Ataturk, in all this modernisation of a race to which rooted tradition is of the very stuff of conscience?

We forget that the Turk is not a Muslim indigenous to the western borders of Asia, but a Mongol immigrant sprung from its very centre. Driven by the pressure of tribal pastoral economics, many centuries ago and in the wake of many previous tribal migrations, he might well have followed the trail marked out by his forerunners across the steppes of Southern Russia, and, like them, have halted in what to-day is his cousins' domain, Hungary; there to settle, be Christianised, and lose his manliness. Pure chance sent him southward before turning westward along the ancient Silk Road; to check at last at the sea, to settle in the highlands of Anatolia, and to fall into the arms of the new and aggressive Arab Muhammadanism. Grafting that militant faith on to his own fighting heredity, he became the Turk whom for many centuries we remember as the principal danger and obsession to Christian Europe. By this chance freak of migration Christianity may have been the loser, but, from the many wars that resulted, the manliness of the West was the gainer; and there are still deplorable people among us (the writer of this included) who believe that, on balance, the world is a better place for what happened.

The Turk, like any other hardheaded fighting man, is no great logician. But it cannot have failed to be brought in on his conviction that his chances of acceptance into Western civilisation were in inverse ratio to his Muhammadanism. So that when the territorial foundations, as a result of the great war, crumbled from under Islam, and Turkey ceased to be the geographical, and therefore undisputed, centre of the Faith, the chance of the age threw up the man, One strong enough not only to decree, but by direct, strong, and personal action to ensure, that the tough old Islam and all its works must go, and Westernisation be built on its ruins.

And that, it appears, is as near a nutshell as will ever fit the answer to the question with which we started.

Kemal Pasha, by sheer hard fighting and personal force of character, rose from obscure and unconsidered beginnings to be the undisputed leader of a nation, defeated in war but still hereditarily and whole-heartedly hero-worshippers. Not to him but to the spineless, exiled Sultan of Constantinople did they ascribe the fact that as a nation they had been let down. Kemal they acclaimed as the man who would lift them up; and it is a further measure of their worship that, blindly and without question, they would follow him wherever he chose to lead, out of the house of bondage.

From the very first, he took the nation into his confidence. Man of destiny he might be; but his was to be the task of ensuring that it co-operated. Not yet grown into the Grey Wolf we know to-day, the grey fox Kemal raised a working semblance of a parliament to which, as with another autocrat centuries before and in another venue altogether, he was careful to subscribe himself *servus servorum*; and to sign every proclamation as "By order of the National Assembly." Nor did the effective force of his will, as dominant partner in that fellowship, suffer one whit by the process.

At the outset mistakes were inevitable. No man, or super-man, can hope to come suddenly to complete definition. "Modernismus" was a word borrowed from the contemporary German political argot, with a kick to it due as much to its vagueness as to its foreign—and therefore presumably efficient—ideology. For the moment it sounded like "now we're getting somewhere!" but the result, as it turned out, was a moving at a terrific pace in no particular direction. But presently matters settled into their stride, and the long task began—that of leading the nation out of six centuries of the picturesque rule of Allah into the drab modern world of scientific materialism.

With ruthless logic the Ghazi began at the top. The fez, of all things most obviously Turkish, must go. To his personal guard, most fanatical of his admirers, he issued the peaked cap with which his own appearance in it had made them familiar—but with this much explanatory concession to their religious feelings that if, at prayer, they found that its peak got in the way of the ordained ceremonial prostrations, they might turn it back to front. For, though clothing and habits might go at a stroke, the actual structure of religion—wisely enough—was to vanish by attrition rather than by blunt degree. The thin end of the wedge penetrated, the fashion spread, and presently the fez vanished.

The women were hatless; but, with Turkish character at least as significant as that of the fez, were veiled. Dis-veiling had already begun to a certain extent during the war, when so many women had had to do the manual labour of men and had found the yashmak much in the way. With its final disappearance vanished the traditional servitude of a sex to whom, in the harem,

CULINARY PROWESS: A cookery class at the Ismet Inonii Institute which was founded in Angora in 1928 and has as its object the provision of domestic training for girls who have graduated at the elementary schools. Similar institutes are being started in other parts of Turkey

HAVING THEIR FLING: Girls drilling on

ON OF THE EAST—I
ES MODERN
pulsion of Kemal Ataturk

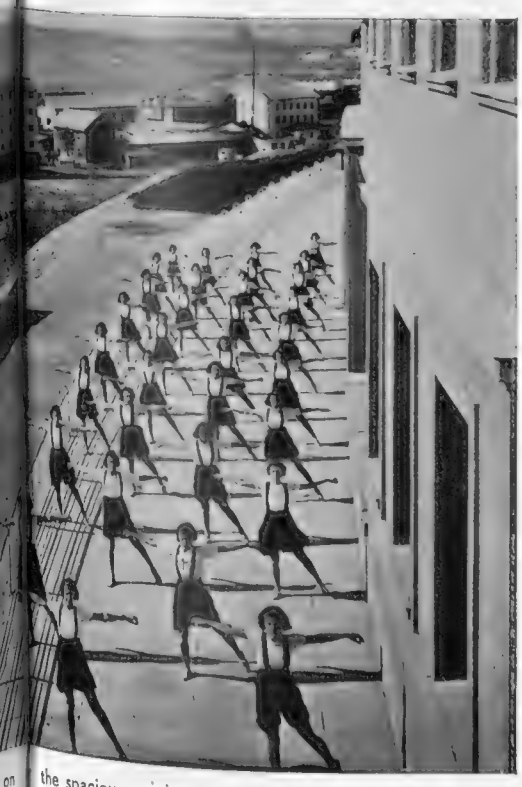
Turkish youths at one of the regular dium at Angora, the national capital

GIRL ATHLETES OF THE NEW REPUBLIC: With the final disappearance of the veil has vanished the traditional servitude of Turkey's womenfolk, and to-day, under Kemal Ataturk's gently compelling rule, they stand in every way as equal partners with the men

the distant echoes of modern female emancipation had already penetrated. For the rest, the sound good sense of the nation, added to the fact that from highest to lowest the men-folk were as busy as beavers and with little time to relax, deprived the gesture of a resulting deplorable behaviour that many of the more conservative had prophesied.

Loose personal clothing followed the fez and veil to the more efficient, if less comfortable, formalism of the West. A pardonable personal puzzlement, a very occasional reluctance, gave way before the Turk-Oják—an adjunct of the Ghazi's own devising—a sort of benevolent Universal Aunt; in every strange and sudden innovation, a touring and explanatory bromide which, in these and in many more difficult matters, ceaselessly moved in committee about the land, and strove with remarkable success to smooth all difficulties.

Very soon, the Ghazi threw his net wider.



the spacious sun terrace of an Angora school

The metric system of weights and measures took the place of former archaisms. Dates ceased to be reckoned from Muhammad's *Hegira*, and the Gregorian calendar was adopted. Days ran from midnight to midnight, and not sunset. Sunday, as a general day of rest, was possibly the most drastic of all the innovations at this time. The Swiss civil code was adopted; deliberately not adapted; for if the new shoe pinched the foot of old ideas, then the foot must change its shape. For, demonstrably, there was nothing wrong with the shoe.

The language itself rapidly becoming overladen with borrowed foreign words, was the next to claim the hand of the reformer. Education, in the past, had consisted largely in memorising, parrot-fashion, whole pages of the Koran in an Arabic about as comprehensible to the unlettered Turk as Latin, in another venue altogether, is to a Mediterranean congregation. National heroes, panegyrics on dead and gone Sultans, had served the dual purpose of saints and history. The Arabic of the Koran had been the language of thought no less than that of religion; Greek and Italian that of commerce, Both would have to go. God and the foreigners would both have to learn the new Turkish.

The ancient Arabic notation fell next into the melting-pot. And presently—in 1928—the script.

The old Arabic script runs from right to left; very beautiful when well written, it is in reality a kind of shorthand in which, among other things, vowels unless strongly accented are not written at all. On arrival in Anatolia, centuries before, the Turk had taken it over *pari passu* with the new Muhammadanism, from the Arabs. But, as a vehicle for modern thought and transactions, it was ludicrously inadequate. Roman lettering presently began to appear on stamps and banknotes. The entire 16,000,000 of Turkey—women, markedly, not excluded from an education which, for the first time in their history, they were sharing on equal terms with their men—scrapped the old writing and laboriously turned to the task of acquiring the new. For a moment, and almost literally by a stroke of the pen, the dictatorial irade reduced entire Turkey to one dead level of illiteracy. The population—high and low, old and young, male and female—stood at gaze before blackboards, whereon lecturers illustrated the new strange symbols. The dictator himself on more than one occasion turned pedagogue. And presently was seen a nation hunched over slates and sheets of paper, with its tongue-tip protruding though never in its cheek, with eyes screwed up, and unaccustomed fingers clumsily at work, laboriously tracing pothooks and hangers to the glory of the Ghazi and the national salvation.

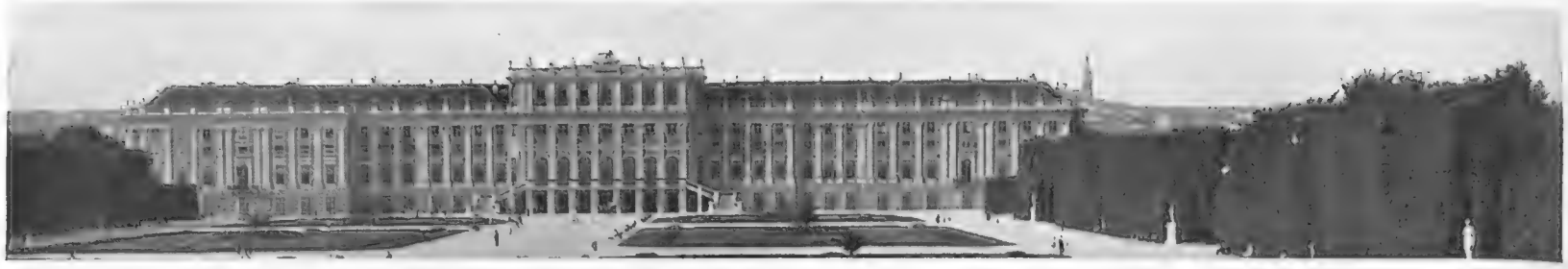
The old traditions died; and if, in dying, each put up something approaching the mild protest of a death-rattle, yet the Turks are a nation of soldierly tradition and therefore obedient. But man may not live by tradition alone. The rebirth planned for the nation by Kemal breaks with the past at every point. Germany may dip into the Norse sagas for an inspiration to give life to national regeneration. Italy may, and does, comb Roman history for lesson after lesson in a vanished greatness now being revived. Kemal alone, in breaking, builds, not rebuilds.

Kemal, as with all other dictators, has concentrated on youth; and, with youth, on its education—physical no less than mental. Searching as far back into history as written records will allow, Anatolia itself has for 2,000 years been the recruiting-ground for armies that have made history in the East and have changed the map of the Western world. It is a soldiers' nursery, no less. And lest overmuch book-learning should destroy the physique of its youth, he ensures that the education of the body shall proceed hand in hand with that of the mind.

It is not too much to say that the modern Turkish school is purely secular. It is scientific, artistic, physical, manual, agricultural, linguistic, and pedagogic. It is universal. And it is compulsory. What initial inertia there was, in this education process, has given way to a whole-hearted elan that carries all things before it. The past is dead indeed. The Sultans in exile, never to return. Islam re-oriented. The Turk, to-day, as admirable in his urge towards the arts of civilisation as, admittedly, he has always been formidable in war. Constantinople, prototype of the old régime, is the draggled, painted old Byzantine woman sitting tear-stained and dishevelled on the shores of the Bosphorus.

"Mauser"

CO-EDUCATION: Boys and girls engaged in gymnastic exercises on the roof of a Turkish country school. It is Ataturk's ambition to create an A 1 nation and he lays as much stress on physical fitness as on scholarship



ONE OF EUROPE'S EMPTY PALACES: The old Imperial summer residence of Schönbrunn, vieing with Versailles in its magnificence

Austria—Land of Exile

And Home of Lost Causes

By HECTOR BOLITHO

Hector Bolitho is too well known as a writer to need introduction here, but the fact that his acquaintance with Austria is very real and intimate needs stressing. Through his long association with her customs, traditions, and people, he is able to give us this revealing study of the country the Duke of Windsor has chosen to be the first resting place of his exile.

AUSTRIA seems, to-day, to be the country of lost causes. It is fantastic to compare the distressed little democracy with the Austrian Empire of the eighteenth century, when Maria Theresa came to the throne. The lands which she inherited from her father stretched as far as the Netherlands in the West and to Silesia in the North. She was Queen of Hungary and of Bohemia, and in the South she held the vast Italian States for which she fought so valiantly against Elisabeth Farnese of Spain. Vienna was the sign of vast diplomacy and the centre of fashion and power. To-day, it is the elegant, fading capital of a tiny democracy, for Austria has been pruned and pinched until she is the little old woman of Europe, with only her memorials and her charm and her history to commend her. The enterprise which Frederick the Great began has come to its end. The campaign to destroy Austria, which began in the early years of his reign when he invaded Silesia, has succeeded and the Prussian idea, of which he was the father, has conquered all. It is significant that the new Germany exalts Frederick the Great as a hero, for the creed of force which he preached has not lost favour with the National Socialists and they believe, as Frederick believed, that the sword is mightier than the pen. So Austria has become the insignificant, powerless country which Frederick designed. But the Austrians have not lost their charm, their culture, and their graciousness.

The empty palaces of Europe tell a miserable if inevitable story. Sans Souci is a pretty, lifeless shell, without a Hohenzollern to stand upon the terrace and watch the myriads of grape vines, and the white dianas in the park below. The Kremlin is shorn of its beauty, and Schönbrunn, on the fringe of Vienna, is a soulless museum. Gaping peasants, munching their dark, unpalatable sandwiches, amble among the gilded rooms in which Maria Theresa sat; and along the passage by which she ran to her ladies, to tell them the wonderful news of Dettingen. The elegant town houses of Vienna are sliced up into apartments and the old waiters of Sacha's sigh and recall the days when kings ordered their dinners from them in a kingly way. They were great, spacious days, even up to 1914. Vienna was still the aristocrat among the cities of Europe. Now the paint peels off the high walls of the palaces and the old uniforms become dim in the glass cases of the museums. The Prata, which Joseph the Second gave to the people and which was once the gayest place in Europe, is empty at night. Only a few country visitors climb on to the wooden horses or rise high over Vienna, on the Great Wheel. The fair attends its own funeral. There are a few places in Vienna where the old finery and chivalry struggle to life, in a half-hearted way. Sacha's restaurant is still the haunt of aristocrats whose acres have been depleted; whose houses are closed. They cling to their manners and their rights, but aristocrats without a king are a headless company and the traditions for which they stand seem to tumble without a Court to succour them. They still talk of art and of life and of politics with a lordly air, but there is a melancholy cry through it all. The company is of ghosts. It seems wistfully appropriate that Edward VIII should have chosen Austria as his first retreat, that he should have hurried there, in his great distress and failure. Vienna is kind to those who lose. Having lost arrogance and self-satisfaction, through humiliation, it has developed a great capacity for pity and unquestioning affection. It hides its poverty as best it can and it keeps up the old illusion with good food, good wine, fashionable clothes, and endless music. Lost causes are in the air and the Austrians, who feel so much and reason so little, like to know that the Duke of Windsor chose their beautiful country as his haven when he left England.

Although many new buildings have been added to Vienna since the end of the war, buildings with the rigid, cold lines of emancipated architecture, the air is still of the eighteenth century. It is Maria Theresa's bronze figure which dominates the great open garden space, with her generals about her. One has only to turn to the pages of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu's letters to find a perfect picture of Vienna in the eighteenth century, when her husband went there as British Minister. It was soon after the death of Charles VI and Maria Theresa, young and inexperienced, had just come to the throne. "Nothing can be more surprisingly magnificent than the apartments," she wrote. "They are commonly a suite of eight or ten large rooms, all inlaid, the doors and windows richly carved and gilt, and the furniture such as is seldom seen in the palaces of sovereign princes in other countries—the hangings the finest tapestry of Brussels, prodigious large looking-glasses in silver frames, fine japan tables, beds, chairs, canopies, and window curtains of the richest Genoa damask or velvet, almost covered with gold lace or embroidery. The whole made gay by pictures and vast jars of japan china, and almost in every room large lustres of rock crystal. . . . I have more than once been entertained with fifty dishes of meat, all served in silver, and well dressed. . . . But the variety and richness of their wines is what appeared the most surprising."

One other document of the time gives a suggestion of the luxury in which the princess lived. When the Emperor Charles travelled, he was accompanied by 164 persons and forty-seven carriages. He seldom moved without his Lord Chamberlain, four chamberlains, four generals, two pages, four equerries, the Royal chaplain, the Royal confessor, two body physicians, a surgeon, a controller, the keeper of the privy purse, and a host of couriers, gardrobiers, tapesiers, periquers, yeomen of the bedchamber, stove lighters, keepers of the Royal plate and table services, the cellarer, and a culinary staff of a chief cook and twelve assistants, valets, lackeys, footmen, horsemen, etc.

This long list awakens a melodramatic but interesting thought. It might be a matter for philosophers to dwell on that when King Edward VIII arrived in Vienna, he was comparatively alone.

In the eighteenth century, while England was building up her Empire, while the French and the English were fighting in Canada, and Clive was in India, Austria clung to her European quarrels through necessity. But Maria Theresa ruled her world of swords and chicanery with grandeur. She had many castles and palaces of equal wealth. In the twentieth century all this has dwindled to nothingness. It is not a royal and splendid Austria to which the Duke of Windsor has retired. Nor have the neighbouring countries once ruled by Maria Theresa more than a ghost of their old richness. The great castle which dominates Prague is empty, and guides, followed by crocodiles of tourists, invade the rooms. Schönbrunn is empty except for a few old courtiers who live in the wings which embrace the outer courtyard of the palace. All that is truly alive in Austria to-day is created by the visitors. With the pathetic fate which seems to overtake small, picturesque countries it has become a tourists' paradise.

The three centres for life in Austria now are Vienna, Salzburg, and Tyrol. Vienna depends upon its beauty, its restaurants, and the charm of its people. Salzburg adds music to its beauty, and Tyrol lures both the romantic and the energetic, for it is the centre for winter sports.

Last summer, I lived in Vienna for several weeks and I came to know the surrounding hills, the old wine gardens in the suburbs and the placid stretches of the old Danube, where I bathed. I came to the point of knowing the family of my flower seller and the digestive troubles of my boatman. I was, as much as I could be, a Viennese. Unless one is a cold automaton, one could not treat Vienna as a *sight*. It is the heart of Europe, and it has the qualities of a heart. You either love it ridiculously and beyond reason, or you are a pitiless oaf and you pass on.

It has a spiritual quality of friendly, unquestioning hospitality, and only a cynic, deep-dyed, would deny it. But it is the voice of mournfulness also that calls: it is in the empty palaces, the shabby theatres, the poverty. And then, the sudden charm of a shilling! For it takes no more to dispel melancholy from an Austrian's face. All that they ask is that you should say, "I love your country very much. It is very beautiful." Their reaction is naive delight. Upon this one compliment, their doors are thrown open to you, their wine is poured out and, in little houses, the photograph albums will be brought out so that you may see pictures of the great days; the processions, the festivals, and the last glorious paraphernalia of the Habsburg regime.

The country which stretches between Vienna and Salzburg reveals old Austria, in striking contrast to the liveliness and prosperity of Tyrolean villages, where rich visitors make up for the poverty of farming and markets. The astonishing revelation from the valleys between Vienna and Salzburg is in the remnant of richness of the monasteries; a richness which has departed with the decay of the power of the church. Near to Vienna is the Closter Neuberg, once a royal palace. This colossal monastery clings to the banks of the Danube. It could no doubt house a thousand people in comfort. Yet there are not more than fifty monks, living in the great rooms. Decay has set in; the tall painted walls are peeling and the once trim gardens are overgrown. This is only one of the many monasteries which dominate almost every prospect in this part of the country. In making this journey, one passes over the same road first travelled by Mozart when he went, as a child, from Salzburg to Vienna, to play for Maria Theresa. One even passes the point where Wolfgang Mozart, at the age of five, cajoled the revenue officer by playing him a minuet on his violin.

There are few more lovely scenes in the world than the first sight of Salzburg, dominated by the

(Continued on page 304)

ROTARIANS AT TEA IN THE GARDENS OF IMPERIAL SCHÖNBRUNN: A picture taken during a World Congress of this organisation held in Vienna. The park, with its straight walks, clipped hedges, sculptures, grottoes, and ponds, is one of the best preserved examples of the old French palace garden

AMONG THE DINKAS, NUBAS, AND KRONGOS

Three Interesting Tribes of the Sudan, Their Customs and Adornments

A DINKA OF THE UPPER NILE: This handsome, bearded tribesman, with his elaborate armlet of beads, is black-skinned but partly Caucasian in physiognomy

OUTCOME OF ENVIRONMENT: When resting the Dinka people have a habit of standing on one foot, a characteristic that has earned them the nickname of the Storkmen. Their great length of leg, a feature in which they differ markedly from the true negro, is said to have been developed by living for many generations in the marshy regions of the Upper Nile

A FANTASTIC COIFFURE is adopted by the Nuba girls, the hair being wound tightly into a series of small balls and plastered with mud. Since the Government introduced cotton growing to this tribe it has become their chief occupation and this picture was taken at the depot to which they bring their crops for weighing and sale. They receive payment in silver

HARVEST OF THE HIGHLANDS: Nuba girls bringing in their head-loads of cotton for sale at a depot in the plains of Kordofan Province

THE HOLE IN THE WALL: *Above and on right*—This oblong entrance, measuring about 15 by 18 ins. and standing 4 or 5 ft. above the ground, is the only means of access to the homes of the primitive Krongo tribesmen of the Nuba mountains

AMERICAN ARMY PLANES UNDERGO SOME RIGOROUS WINTER TESTS

Britain's Eighteen-Ton Flying Boats in Service on the London-Alexandria Section of the Imperial Routes, and Other Flying News of Current Interest

PUTTING THEM THROUGH THEIR FACES IN ARCTIC TEMPERATURES: These speedy pursuit planes of the U.S. army were among a number of machines recently drafted from air bases in the Eastern States and given a series of exhaustive tests at Selfridge Field, Michigan, to determine how their cold weather equipment would stand up to severe winter conditions. The hooding over two of the engines contains heating apparatus, such as catalytic lamps, in order to keep the oil fluid and thus allow of quick starting. Experiments of this nature are now being carried out in several countries, and only a short while ago some British machines were sent to Canada for this very purpose. The data so obtained will without doubt be of enormous benefit in carrying on further research work in this direction

A GIANT BOMBER'S WINTER COAT: Hoods of a more elaborate character than those depicted at the top of this page were placed over the engines of this giant U.S. army plane when it underwent its cold-weather equipment tests at Selfridge Field, Michigan, and it was found that on removal the engines could be started up immediately. The canvas covering on the wings served as a protection in case of snow

AMERICAN AIR ARMADA: These Navy planes belong to the two squadrons which recently crossed 2,500 miles of the Pacific from San Diego, California, to Honolulu, Hawaii on the largest oceanic non-stop mass flight ever made. The Navy Department announced at the time that this was merely a routine operation, and the machines were going to Honolulu in order to replace older types there

CHEAP AND EFFECTIVE: This apparatus is used by the American army to test the accuracy of its bombers without the necessity for dropping bombs. Through the camera obscura, placed in the roof of his cabin (which represents the target) the operator sees the image of the plane on the table before him, and, as this image

BOUND FOR THE EAST: The 18-ton Imperial Airways flying boat *Castor* before it set out from Southampton on its inaugural outward flight to Alexandria and the Far East. First engine trouble and then bad weather delayed it, and eventually a start was made two days late. Alongside is the Imperial Airways control boat

passes its course and speed are plotted by a timing device. Instead of releasing a bomb the bomber presses a wireless key in the machine and the radio man, on receiving this communication, compares notes with his fellow groundsmen. After making calculations they can determine whether a bomb would have hit the mark or not

MAIDEN SERVICE FLIGHT: Embarking on the *Cassiopeia*, another of the new Empire flying boats, as it was about to set out from Southampton on the first "all air" passenger and mail journey between England and South Africa via Egypt, the train journey between Paris and Brindisi now being eliminated. On reaching Alexandria the passengers transferred to a land plane which took them on to the Union via Nairobi. Among those travelling were Lady Evelyn Cobbold, sister of the Earl of Dunmore, and Brigadier-General Sir G. Rhodes

COMFORT IN THE CLOUDS: A bridge party in progress in the smoking-room of one of the twenty-eight Empire flying boats, some of which are built and in service and some of which are still under construction by Messrs. Short Brothers of Rochester. They are being completed at the rate of one a fortnight

WHERE MARTIN JOHNSON PERISHED: Wreckage of the giant air liner in which the noted explorer was fatally injured when the machine crashed in a snowstorm in a mountainous district, almost within sight of the Los Angeles airport. In addition, one other person was killed and eleven were injured

A CRASH IN THE AUSTRALIAN BACKBLOCKS: Pilot Officer Eric Vernon Read, of Melbourne, was piloting this machine on an observation flight when it came to grief in wooded hill country in Victoria. Read was rescued thirty-one hours later and was found to have sustained several compound fractures

HE GOT AWAY WITH IT: Sergeant Pilot Penwarm, of the R.A.F., standing beside the mud-spattered wreckage of his plane after crashing at Pool, near Leeds. The undercarriage was completely smashed, and the propeller buried deep in the ground

LONELY GRAVE IN THE WILDS OF GALLOWAY: The burnt-out wreckage of the *Daily Express* plane in which Harold Pemberton, the well-known journalist, and three companions met their deaths when the machine came down in Kirkcudbrightshire

REMAINS OF A HERO: The skeleton of the great French warrior, Bayard, after it had been brought to light recently in the crypt of the chapel of Minimes de la Plaine, near Grenoble—a discovery rendered possible by the researches of a local antiquarian. The bones are much blackened through the fact that the knight was buried in his helmet and cuirass

The BONES *of* BAYARD

Brought to Light After the Discovery of His Uncle's Will in Grenoble Town Hall

Pierre Terrail, Seigneur de Bayard, the greatest captain of his age, whose deeds have passed into legend and whose valour and chivalry still stand as examples to the world after the passage of four centuries, now looms in the news by reason of a very remarkable discovery.

It has always been known that his body was laid to rest in the chapel of Minimes de la Plaine, near Grenoble, and until a few years ago it was thought that the bones brought to light there in 1822 by the Baron d'Haussez were undoubtedly those of the great warrior. In 1933, however, it was proved beyond all shadow of doubt that these bones were not even those of a man and as historic relics were absolutely worthless.

This information aroused the interest of Henri Rousset, the keeper of the archives at Grenoble and a keen antiquarian. He spent much time searching through old documents in Grenoble Town Hall, and eventually his tenacity was rewarded by the discovery of a document which showed itself to be the will of Bayard's uncle, Claude de Bourchenu, and contained among other things the following injunctions: "I want my son Gaspard to build after my death a chapel with a crypt communicating with the convent of Minimes de la Plaine. My body will be placed in the middle of the crypt, my father's body will be placed to my left and Bayard's body to my right side."

With this precious record in his possession M. Rousset was not only able to locate the exact place of burial, but last month he unearthed three skeletons all in fairly good condition and one of which was undoubtedly Bayard's.

The discovery, needless to say, has aroused immense interest in France, and expert archæologists have hastened to support M. Rousset's claim.

Bayard, the "Good Knight without fear and without reproach" was one of six children born to the Seigneur de Terrail, Lord of Bayard, in the old grey castle on the top of a rocky crag in Dauphiny, and was at an early age sent as a page to the Court of Charles I, Duke of Savoy. Here Louis de Luxembourg, Count de Ligny, happened to see him, and, struck by his grace of manner and his fearless horsemanship, asked the Duke of Savoy to allow this splendid young page to enter his service and return with him to the Court of France.

A few years later, in 1494, Bayard accompanied the armies of Charles VIII, King of France, across the Alps to fight the King of Naples for the Milanais. Bayard's heroic exploits during those continuous battles when success fluctuated now on one side, now on the other, have become legendary all over the world. At the battle of Fornova in 1494 he captured a standard single handed and was knighted by the King. A little later he was taken prisoner by Ludovico Sforza, Duke of Milan, having pursued some Italian soldiers within the gates of the city, but was released again without ransom being demanded, so impressed was Sforza by his courage. In another battle he held the bridge of the Garigliano against 200 Spaniards, and won further fame at the siege of Padua.

PIERRE TERRAIL, SEIGNEUR DE BAYARD: A fine woodcut from D'Aubigne's *Histoire de Bayart*. It is reproduced here by permission of Librairie Hachette

Though success had at first attended the arms of Charles VIII in the Milanais, he neglected to make his position secure, and when a League of the Italian States, joined by England and Spain and by the Emperor Maximilian, was formed against France, Charles saw his armies driven back, and retired to Amboise where he died in April 1498, being succeeded by his cousin the Duc d'Orléans, under the title of Louis XII. The war in Italy was, however, still continued, the command of the French armies being given to the heroic young Duc de Nemours, better known to fame as Gaston de Foix, who was given the title of "Folgare di Guerra" (Thunderbolt of War) by the Italians.

Bayard was wounded again at the siege of Brescia in 1512, and the French soldiers, believing him to be dying, carried the town in a mad onslaught of rage and revenge, taking the Doge of Venice prisoner. This was, however, the last great victory to be won by the French on Italian soil, for the death of Gaston de Foix at the siege of Ravenna a little later so dispirited the armies that they allowed themselves to be driven back, and Bayard, wounded once more in the retreat, was carried back across the Alps and taken to Grenoble, where he lay ill for many weeks, haunted by the fear that he might die in his bed. He recovered, however, in time to take part in the Battle of the Spurs, was taken prisoner by the English, and created so strong an impression on Henry VIII that the latter, following the example of Ludovico Sforza, released him without asking for a ransom.

THE THUNDERBOLT OF WAR: Gaston de Foix, the great contemporary of the mighty Bayard, who commanded the French troops in Italy and won a famous victory over the Holy League at Ravenna. He was killed when in pursuit of the enemy on April 11, 1512 (By permission of Librairie Hachette)

The death of Louis XII and the accession of Francis I in 1515 saw a French army once more crossing the Alps, and Bayard had the signal honour of knighting the young French King at the battle of Marignano. France's victory was, however, short lived, for the whole might of the Emperor Charles V was now thrown against her.

In 1523 Bayard was once more sent into Italy to quell an insurrection in Genoa, and here, guarding the French retreat, at the passage of the Sesia, he was mortally wounded by a ball from an arquebuse and died on April 30th, 1524, tenderly cared for by the Spaniards who had taken him prisoner.

Waterlogged and Snowbound Britain

FLOODING IN THE WEST COUNTRY: A train passing through inundated fields in the neighbourhood of Langport Station, Somerset, where the water had risen almost to the level of the railway lines. During the past few weeks the floods in this county have been on a par with those in East Anglia, Kent, and the Thames Valley, and there was fear that some districts might be completely cut off. Luckily a spell of milder weather has since intervened

SNOW IN THE WILDS OF WHARFEDALE: A flock grazing under difficulties after a heavy fall in this part of Yorkshire. Fortunately lambing time for these hardy mountain sheep comes somewhat later in the year when milder conditions normally prevail

NET FISHING BEGINS ON THE TAY: Fishermen at work on the first day of the season when there was great activity on most of the reaches. The best individual haul was fourteen fine salmon

HUNTING AT ITS WORST: Flood conditions in southern England have not been conducive to good sport, and followers have had a rough time of it in some "countries." *Left*—Struggling through a swollen stream near Stonebridge when out with the Surrey Union Foxhounds. *Right*—Captain L. Bolton, the Master, moving off with the pack through the flooded streets of Eynsford, Kent, after a meet of the Royal Artillery (Woolwich) Draghounds

SUGAR KINGS IN CONFERENCE

Representatives of Twenty-five Countries to Meet in London to Discuss the Raising of World Prices

ON A CUBAN SUGAR PLANTATION: Loading the cut cane on to an ox wagon for transport to the mill. Cuba produces about 2,400,000 tons of sugar annually out of a world production from cane of over 15,500,000 tons. The world production from beet is approximately 9,000,000 tons

By CHARLES GRAVES

IN a month's time an International Sugar Conference is going to be held in London under the Monetary and Economic Committee of the League of Nations.

Twenty-five different countries interested in the production or export of sugar will be represented, the real object being to raise world prices of the commodity by regulating production and export.

If the price can be raised by 2s. 6d. per cwt., it will save the British Exchequer nearly £2,000,000 a year on home production alone, quite apart from possible savings that might be effected on Empire cane production.

Great Britain, where the retail price at present is about 2¼d. per lb., enjoys the cheapest price for sugar in the world. In Italy it costs the consumer as much as 7d. per lb., this despite State assistance costing over £5,000,000 a year.

State assistance, in fact, is the bogy that has to be fought, together with the constant expansion of sugar cane fields and beet sugar growing. The world's output of sugar has almost doubled since 1919, the present figure being nearly 30,000,000 long tons a year. Of this amount, however, only one-eighth is surplus to the needs of the various countries where it is grown and, in fact, constitutes the free market, of which the United Kingdom's requirements—nearly 1,000,000 tons a year—is the largest single element. The result is that though the price of sugar per cwt. has increased to 6s. from 4s. 6d. at which it stood last autumn, it is still a price having no relation to the costs of production. Before the war the price per cwt. was about 10s. This rose to 90s. during the war, dropped to 20s., and then with the over expansion of cane and recovery in European beet production reached the low level of 4s.

To-day there are only three sugar producing countries in the world which do not have State aid. These are Peru, San Domingo, and Java. In fact, 85 per cent. of the world's sugar is State aided. In Great Britain we spend over £5,000,000 in this way on home beet production alone, apart from the cost of Empire cane production given by way of duty preference.

To correct the over production many efforts have been made to secure an agreed restriction of output. The first was in 1929, when a Geneva Conference proved abortive. The next was in 1931, when the Chadbourne Agreement was signed. Its object was to dispose of the excess stocks then in existence over a period of five years, during which time the various producing countries agreed to restrict their exports. Unfortunately this plan was not a success, partly because countries outside the agreement, particularly the U.S.A. and India, increased their production. Now after another period of time this International Convention is being held in London.

But where does sugar come from? The answer is that sugar beet or sugar cane can be grown almost anywhere, and so good is the refining process to-day that the two sugars are indistinguishable. It was Napoleon who started investigations into the possible extraction of sugar from beet, and for half a century France was the largest producer of it. Following the French, the Germans and the Austrians took steps to develop beet sugar production. In England where the development has been remarkable and the State aid to-day less than in most of the principal European countries, small factories were erected over a century ago in Essex, but in the absence of State aid they met with no success. Just before the war a Dutch firm started a factory in Norfolk, but it was operated at a loss until the Government agreed to the complete remission of the excise duty. To-day there are about eighteen factories in Great Britain, now merged into the British Sugar Corporation Ltd., which produce 560,000 tons of sugar a year.

The process is interesting. From February to May the seeds are planted in rows, each row being about 2 ft. apart. They are then covered with a thin layer of soil. By September they are ready for harvesting, when the matured sugar-beet weighs about 1½ lb., and contains about 17 per cent. of sugar. The farmers then loosen the earth round the beet, pull it from the ground, and cut off the leaves and part of the top, the latter being used as cattle food or for manure. The beets are then delivered at the receiving stations on the railway and transported to the factory.

It takes about 7 tons to 8 tons of beet to make 1 ton of sugar. After being carefully sampled at the railway station, because in many cases the rate the farmers are paid varies with the amount of sugar contained in the beets, they are sent to the factory and dumped into immense open silos. Any dirt still adhering to the beets is removed, and they are then discharged on to a picking table where workmen remove any pieces of wood or stone that have passed the washer. The beets are then cut up into long V-shaped shreds about one-sixteenth of an inch thick and from 3 ins. to 9 ins. long. They then find their way to a diffusion battery, where the sugar is extracted by contact with water heated to about 175 deg. Fahrenheit. The diffusion battery consists of about sixteen vessels each of about 3 tons capacity. As the water passes through this, it accumulates more and more sugar and at last passes out into a measuring tank. Here it is mixed with milk of lime in carbonation tanks. The effect of this is to cause the lime to precipitate as chalk and in doing so it entangles many impurities of the juice. This process is repeated before pumping the juice through steam heaters and filter presses, and finally through multiple effect evaporators.

From this point onwards the passage of the partly purified juice through the factory and its conversion into raw sugar crystals is practically the same as in a raw cane sugar factory. The bulk of the water is removed by the evaporators and the sugar crystallised in vacuum pans.

Sugar cane has been known since time immemorial, and is found in practically all tropical countries. Even 3,000 years ago a Hindoo lover composed a prayer to his lady love in which he said, "I have surrounded thee with the clinging sugar cane so that thou shalt not be averse from me." Sugar cane has a diameter varying from 1 in. to 2 ins., and an average height of 10 ft. The soft pith is encased by the hard outer rind and contains a store of sugar. When the cane is ripe (after about a year) it is cut off at the base of the stalk, divided into lengths of about 4 ft., and sent off to the factory. Here the cane is crushed and squeezed until it disintegrates into something like damp sawdust. The juice extracted is strained through fine metal sieves and pumped through steam heaters into open tanks where the impurities settle to the bottom. It is then run through a number of evaporators and finally is allowed to condense and crystallise.

Approximately three quarters of the sugar consumed in the United Kingdom is retailed in small quantities as refined sugar mostly in the form of granulated sugar. The rest is used for sweets, jam, syrup, and treacle. In the last few years the total amount used in the United Kingdom is nearly 2,000,000 tons per annum, quite apart from an important export trade in refined sugar. In consequence it is necessary to import approximately 2,000,000 tons of raw sugar annually. Half of this comes from Empire sources, viz., Queensland, Natal, West Indies, Mauritius, Fiji, and most of the remainder from Cuba, San Domingo, and Peru.

Before the war sugar duties were not a substantial source of revenue. Since 1919 the revenue aspect, although important, has increasingly given way to the protective aspect of the duties. For in that year Imperial preference was introduced to the extent of 3s. 9d. a cwt.

The main difficulty to be tackled by the Conference is to secure a satisfactory method of raising the world price of sugar by 2s. or 3s. a hundredweight, and future stability. In the case of Great Britain this would, as I say, reduce the cost of the home grown beet industry by at least £2,000,000 a year and while leaving the cane sugar producing parts of the British Empire in an advantageous position, afford the Chancellor an opportunity of making a substantial saving in the cost of duty preference. At present with world surplus stocks removed, there seems to be no question of decreasing the existing annual output of sugar throughout the world. It is merely a matter of guaranteeing that there is no further expansion without proper relation to consumption.

As the world population is continually increasing and—despite the dieticians—everybody is eating or otherwise absorbing more sugar than before, the mere restriction should prove enough to bring about an improved price level within a very short space of time. It is an interesting fact that every one of us in this country consumes on an average nearly a cwt. of sugar a year. As that includes every class in the country, it is probable that readers of THE SPHERE consume nearly twice that amount to bring the balance up. Actually this is an increase of nearly 30 per cent in the past 15 years.

THE SWEETNESS IN HER LIFE!

WESTMINSTER CATHEDRAL'S CRUCIFIX

Once Again in Place—Making a Coronation Canopy

RESTORED TO ITS PRISTINE EMINENCE: The great 2-ton crucifix of Westminster Cathedral (the obverse of which is shown above and the reverse, bearing the image of the Virgin Mary, on the right) seen as it was being hoisted back to its original position below the arch at the entrance to the Sanctuary where, prior to its removal in 1935, it had been suspended for close on thirty years. It was taken away because it tended to obscure the new mosaics, but since then these mosaics have been the subject of intense criticism. In the interval the crucifix has been thoroughly cleaned

PREPARING FOR THE CORONATION PAGEANTRY: A member of the Royal School of Needlework engaged in fixing two silver eagles on to a duller silver background when making the canopy which will be borne above the Queen's head during the Abbey ceremonial on May 12

STARRING IN "BEHIND YOUR BACK": Marjorie Mars (*left*) and Mary Glynne (*right*) in the new play by Charles Landstone at the Strand which is in much the same vein as *Nine Till Six* and *Service*, successes of some years back, having as its main theme the anxieties and emotions of a "front of the house" manager on one of the last nights of the run of a far from successful play. Jack Melford and Esme Percy are also members of a strong cast

DRAMA ON

Thirty-seven-Year-Old "Candida" Proves that It Wears Well: "As You Like It" Brought to Life: "A Play with a Purpose" at the Arts Theatre

By PHILIP PAGE

MOST of our modern dramatists could learn a thing or two about play construction from Bernard Shaw's thirty-seven-year-old *Candida*. So could the modern Bernard Shaw, whose later works for the stage—some very good and some rather bad—all sprawl about anyhow.

Candida, revived at the Globe, has done more than wear remarkably well. It seemed to me to show no sign whatever of any age, except the "period" atmosphere deliberately retained by Miss Irene Hentschel, whose work as producer has been flawless. The interest in the rival loves for Candida of her priggish parson husband and of the even more priggish young poet (much more irritating, since the prig intellectual is a more nauseous creature than the prig moral) is cumulative, and the final scene of the last act is extraordinarily moving.

The comedy is as lively as ever, particularly that which concerns the Yorkshire-accented profiteer (Mr. Edward Chapman) and the typist, "Prossy," made by Miss Athene Seyler into a glorious figure of fun, even if rather larger than life and not quite so natural. I have seen many "Prossies" but none so entertaining as Miss Seyler.

Mr. Nicholas Hannen's Morrell was exactly right except for one short moment when he was consciously burlesquing the preacher, which is the last thing in the world Morrell would ever have done. Shaw lets the man be called a "moralist and a windbag"; if Morrell had had any idea that he was either he would have changed the bowling at once instead of glorying in it. Mr. Hannen more than atoned for this by making him so obviously a good sort, for all his lack of humour and his pompousness. I have known so many actors portray merely a Pecksniff in a parson's collar, and thus upset the whole balance of the play, for Candida could never have loved a Pecksniff.

Unfortunately the Candida of this production, in the person of Miss Ann Harding, gave no indication that she was, or could be, in love with anybody. After playing a couple of acts with so remote an air that she would have chilled off a whole platoon of poets and parsons, she came to life in Act III, and in the last scene had a grave dignity which was rather impressive. Her calm and domesticated beauty was suited to a parson's wife, but all the time she was so sedate that I wished (to quote the chairman at Bath in *Pickwick*) "I vos behind 'er with a bradawl."

Mr. Stephen Haggard went to the opposite extreme. The part of the young poet was written before he was born, but it might have been written expressly for him. Moreover, he has been playing almost this identical part in play after play for the past two or three years. He was as right as rain until, about half-time, some invisible imp really seemed to be behind him "with a bradawl" and he started leaping about and perching on the backs of sofas and going all elfin. The poet was a nervy, excitable creature, but there was nothing of Puck, Lob, Peter Pan, Ariel, Nijinsky and Co. about him.

Ballet Rambert.—From Mr. Haggard's performance at the Globe to ballet is an easy transition. The little Duchess Theatre, until recently "almost a cathedral," now houses the *Ballet Rambert*.

Although, just as I like grand opera to be on the grand scale, I have a possibly vulgar penchant for seeing ballets performed on a large stage, with a full orchestra, this clever troupe do wonderful things on a few square yards of dancing space and to the accompaniment of, apparently, a piano and a violin.

They have enthusiasm in plenty and also something more—solid achievement. If in one or two cases the achievement seemed a little too solid, that was doubtless due to the size of the theatre. For yet another advantage of a big theatre for ballet is that one does not hear a *coryphée* come down on the floor with an unsylphlike thud.

The Passionate Pavane (which was not passionate nor was it a pavane), showed some ingenious choreography by Frederick Ashton (who is such a useful man in this line at Sadler's Wells) and the Tudor music of Dowland was delightful. More ambitious, but not so effective, was *The Descent of Hebe*, arranged by Anthony Tudor. This proved to be a somewhat monotonous series of episodes in the more-or-less classical style, strangely undramatic. The decor, including three fearsome black horses, had the Etruscan vase flavour about it, but on the whole I was glad when Hebe was finally banished, in spite of some interesting and vastly learned fugal writing by Ernest Bloch, whose music may be likened to Bach and soda, with rather a lot of soda.

The best item by far was *Bar aux Folies-Bergère*, to some music by Chabrier much of which has been used in the De Basil Ballet's *Cotillon*. This was both amusing and technically brilliant; for sheer comedy, combined with grace, I have not for some time seen anything to compare with the dance of the "Mauve Girl" (Miss Maude Floyd).

"As You Like It."—No amount of genuine reverence for the Bard has ever helped to convince me that *As You Like It* is a good play. In certain circumstances, of recent memory, it became well-nigh intolerable. But the production last week at the New Theatre at least brought the comedy to life, and the original methods of its treatment give a regular field-day to students of Shakespeare, to such dramatic critics as take their job seriously, to all, in fact, for whom the theatre is not merely an after-dinner entertainment.

Fantasy has given way to any attempt at realism. For this is no more realistic than as if one were to produce one of Mr. Frederick Lonsdale's plays in what we imagine may be the costumes of A.D. 2037. Shakespeare in eighteenth-century dress was seen in the eighteenth century, not because they were in those days in the least fantastic (it was in every sense the Age of Reason) but because, for some inscrutable cause, it never occurred to them to do otherwise. Thus David Garrick could have been seen playing Hamlet or Macbeth dressed for Charles Surface, or as if he were just off to dine with Dr. Johnson and Sir Joshua Reynolds. In short, in his everyday clothes.

The New Theatre *As You Like It* is dressed to resemble the pictures of Fragonard, Lancret, or Watteau as a piece of not unpleasing affectation. The production is, like most of the acting, highly artificial and adorned with innumerable stylised additions and view-points which are luxuriously unreal. There is no breath of the country about it at all, but rather the air of Marie Antoinette's boudoir at the Petit Trianon.

Very much the same flavour was in the recent Old Vic production, in which there was the same Rosalind. Which brings me again to Miss Edith Evans's Rosalind. In that it is a Rosalind which Shakespeare did not draw and never could have—or would have—drawn, this performance is wrong from beginning to end. In the sense that it is deliciously vital, a picture of an elegant, witty woman in an elegant and witty period, it should be seen and seen again. Her scenes with Orlando, particularly when she is, as it were, leading him up the garden path, are in the very spirit of high comedy. But it is never fully Shakespearean comedy; this is some close relation of Mrs. Millamant.

Mr. Richard Redgrave's Orlando is in contrast romantically serious—as it should be. Miss Marie Ney is constitutionally incapable of playing any part other than flawlessly, and Celia, whom she makes enchanting, hardly tests her powers at all. Mr. Leon Quartermaine's Jacques is familiar, on and off the screen, and very good it is.

"Come Out to Play."—Some years ago there used to be on sale—for all I know they are still on sale—a set of books by a Dr. Stall entitled *What a Young Boy Ought to*

"GLAMOROUS NIGHT" COMES TO THE SCREEN: Otto Kruger, romantic roles, who plays the King; Mary Ellis who has her the opera singer; and Victor Joy, who plays the ambitious centre background of this picture taken at the Elstree studios film version of one of Ivor Novello's great Drury Lane successes.

STAGE AND SCREEN

Know, What a Young Girl Ought to Know, and so on, through the seven ages of man and woman. The headmaster of the boys' school which is the scene of much of the action of *Come Out to Play* (a play "with a purpose,") produced at the Arts Theatre, is a sort of Dr. Stall. He thinks that boys should be given straight talks about sex and not be left to pick up such knowledge haphazard on their own account.

That may be so. But the question of pouring biological facts into the average public-school boy reminds me of a little story. "My boy," said a kindly, sensible father one day to his son, "I want to talk to you about sex." "Certainly, daddy," was the reply. "What is it you want to know?"

This headmaster was in favour of no secrecy on the subject; he was also in favour of abolishing the segregation of the sexes during those tender years—i.e. that the boys under his control should see a bit more of (quite innocently, of course) the girls at a neighbouring boarding-school. A pair do meet—by night and not quite innocently. A school governor is reactionary and the headmistress has no new-fangled modern notions about her, so there is a devil of a row. To avoid scandal and to save several people's faces the headmaster (who, poor soul, in addition to all these troubles had a most unpleasant wife) resigns.

Henry Hallatt, as the headmaster, played his part better than he wore his gown. The play is sincere but it moves rather stickily and amateurishly at times. Mr. Peter Osborn and Miss Mary Jones as the boy who met the girl and the girl who met the boy were a natural and non-irritating couple.

IN THE SPACIOUS DAYS: One of the Armada sequences (*above*) and Flora Robson as Queen Elizabeth (*right*) in the eagerly awaited London Film Production, *Fire Over England*, which is coming to the Leicester Square Theatre next week. The picture has a fine collection of stars, most of them graduates from the West End stage, and in Erich Pommer a producer of rare ability. King George and Queen Elizabeth have already had an opportunity of seeing the film as it was sent down to them at Sandringham and run off during the Christmas holidays

PERSONALITIES OF "FIRE OVER ENGLAND": *Above on left*—Flora Robson as Elizabeth plays a part that it has always been her ambition to portray. *Centre*—Leslie Banks makes a striking Earl of Leicester, the man who won, and who for so long retained, the affection of the Queen. *Above on right*—Vivien Leigh, who is reputed to have a ten-year contract with Alexander Korda, gets a fair share of the acting as a maid-in-waiting—a girl of spirit who can take the sharp edge of Elizabeth's ready tongue and who loves the roving young hero engaged on a perilous secret service mission in enemy Spain

Hollywood interpreter of original stage part of Melitza Premier," are seen in the during the production of the Brian Hurst is directing it

On right—"THE LITTLE STRENGTH THAT I HAVE, I WOULD IT WERE WITH YOU": Rosalind (Edith Evans) with Celia (Marie Ney) standing beside her, talks with Orlando (Michael Redgrave) before his wrestling match with Charles. One of the opening episodes in the New Theatre's production of *As You Like It* which is notable both for its acting and for the employment of the Watteau settings and costumes of Molly McArthur. It is reviewed above

RED RIDING-HOOD AND THE BIG BAD WOLF . . . HOUND: a delightful picture taken at the Watchdog Show which was held a few days ago in the Kaiserdamm, at Berlin

HE BEGS TO DIFFER! Tough Guy, a Belgian Griffon, gazes defiantly at Herald of Cuddington, a Great Dane, at Cruft's Show at the Agricultural Hall. This year there were 4,500 entries and several comparatively new breeds were on view

THEY'RE DIFFERENT: These dogs, which are known as Basenjis, aroused intense interest when they were exhibited at Cruft's last week, and made their debut in this country. They are the hunting dogs of Central African tribesmen and their most outstanding peculiarity is that they do not bark

THE WORLD OF BOOKS

Four Londoners on a Caribbean Island Provide the Theme for Rose Macaulay's "I Would be Private": Richard Church Emulates the Wide Humanity of Charles Dickens

Reviewed By

VERNON FANE

MISS Rose Macaulay has one of those supreme advantages which can never be coaxed or bullied into existence. She is a wit, as naturally and as spontaneously as she is a born writer. This, we may think, is very nice for Miss Macaulay who has been endowed with this rare gift as capriciously as some other people are endowed with curly hair, but that is not the whole truth. More people have a witty perception of events and personalities than are able to translate it into words. Between the two is the division of actual performance, and this is where the element of personal ability comes in.

Miss Macaulay's wit, which is as native to her as song to a bird and just as harmonious, is conveyed to us through the medium of her writing, and that, effortless as it appears in its final, presented form, must be the result of an active, disciplined intelligence. Men and women may be said to write like angels, but they must be meticulous angels. That "infinite capacity for taking pains," which is possibly the worst definition of genius ever coined, still has an application to good writing.

I WOULD BE PRIVATE (Collins. 7s. 6d.) the new novel of Miss Macaulay's which started this train of thought is my recommended "first" for your book list this week. Baldly, it is the story of four Londoners, in the narrowest and most exact sense of the word, on a Caribbean island, and that is what Americans would call a very promising "set-up" in the hands of this author. It is also remarkable for the means by which the author gets her characters to the chief scene of their action.

A policeman, a policeman's wife, her sister and her brother would not normally be expected to have enough money to afford such a long holiday, or such an expensive journey as a visit to the West Indies implies, but the time-honoured resort of an unexpected legacy is not used. Instead the most contemporary, the most topical of phenomena are pressed into service, and very credibly.

Win, the young policeman's wife, has quintuplets, and they are in a fair way to making their parents' fortune before the publicity overwhelms the naturally modest couple and they decide to escape from it. Gert, Win's sister, has already accumulated a very tidy sum by acting as common informer in cases of Sunday cinemas and the Lord's Day Observance Act. Her brother Les, a young man of equal resourcefulness, is a solicitor's clerk with the interesting sideline of getting commission on the money paid in settlement of libel suits, which his researches had started.

Altogether a very promising quorum of travellers, since they had in common an undirected wanderlust and any amount of common sense. Miss Macaulay treats them kindly but firmly, to the greater success of the book and our unqualified enjoyment.

THE PORCH (Dent. 7s. 6d.) is a book of a very different type. It seems to me to be a book written by a poet for his own pleasure, in a way for his own satisfaction. It is none the less of a novel for that, and it has something of the wide humanity and yet the conscious sense of character drawing which were Dickens'.

Mr. Richard Church has timed his story of a young and exceptionally gifted man before the war, and in more ways than one it belongs to that period. It might even have been written then, for it seems to owe nothing to post-war trends or fashions in literature and stands as a worthy achievement by itself.

The opening of the story coincides with the opening of a new phase in the life of John Quickshott, a sensitive, gifted, ambitious, and oddly arrogant boy, who is entering on his first day's employment in the Civil Service at a salary of £45 a year. The friends he soon makes in his department are more or less of his own age and they have, in common with him, an independent restlessness of mind which in Quickshott's case urges him to the career of medicine, and turns one to poetry, and one to the study of music and botany. Mouncer, the poet, whose vicissitudes share the story with John's, is used as a dark counterpart to John's bright progress. Their circumstances are not unlike, but Mouncer has a heritage of squalid poverty and illness which handicaps and finally kills him, leaving John with innumerable problems and defeats still in the ascendant.

This is primarily a sensitive story; sensitively observed and written with insight and more feeling than one is accustomed to expect in this fast moving decade.

BURMESE SILVER (Faber and Faber. 7s. 6d.) is brilliant, with a rare, faraway quality which its title seems to suggest. In it Mr. Edward Thompson has written what amounts to the epilogue of a man's life.

Clive Powell, his elderly hero, is an Indian Civil Service official, retiring after a distinguished career. He is tired in every sense, ill and prepared to die. Death even appears to him as a very welcome friend. But before he dies, in the few months which the doctor has predicted for him, he decides on one more journey, a journey to Burma. There, in a country which he has never yet visited, lives a man who thirty years before had been his companion in the I.C.S. and his friend.

Powell's expedition however, implied no ordinary re-union of old friends. Gabriel had left the Service in what were considered scandalous circumstances. He felt a kinship with the Indians, claimed descent from one of their princes, and in the northern uplands of Burma, in the unadministered territory on the borders of China, he set up his court as an independent ruler—the Sawbwa of Buddhawbwe.

There were more than enough difficulties in getting to Rajah Gabriel's country to deter most travellers, but Powell was resolute and had the unassailable detachment of a dying man. He arrived safely, he made friends with the Rajah's daughter, he neatly circumvented two plots against the Rajah's property, and he met the Rajah. The story ends with an unforgettable *coup*, completely unexpected, and almost theatrically successful.

Another "must" for your list, and a thoroughly stimulating book.

Reading Mr. C. S. Forester's new novel has been sheer pleasure to me. This is not unbalanced praise; it is simply due to the fact that Mr. Forester recognises more than most of his contemporaries, his duty as a novelist. He has a good story to tell, he catapults the reader into it with no preamble but at the same time with complete clarity, continues to tell it at a good pace.

THE HAPPY RETURN (Michael Joseph. 7s. 6d.) has, almost entirely, the sea for its scene. Captain Hornblower, of the frigate *Lydia*, is an authentic piece of character drawing, a full length portrait of a sea captain schooled in the battle of Trafalgar and with a fine taste for Pope and Gibbon. In a naval engagement his tactics are apt to be Nelsonian, and traditionally successful. In his personal life his manner is solitary and uncommunicative. Naturally a friendly and even garrulous creature, he conceives it his duty, for the sake of discipline as well as for his own self-respect, to hold himself aloof, to be monosyllabic in his dealings with his officers, and to play, if not the tyrant, at least the rigid martinet.

This, from a man who enjoys a pretty face and a hand of whist, is no little exercise in control, but Horatio Hornblower in the passage of months, sustains his impersonation of the strong and all but silent man well enough to have the grudging admiration of all his men, and the devotion of his officers.

The two sea battles, fought off the shores of Panama, form the climax of the book. Here is excitement and Mr. Forester at his very best. The reader is confident that every detail is correct and yet there is no technical maze to bewilder the uninitiated.

The book never flags; it is alive and kicking from first to last.

Four youths with an average age of twenty-three, and two older men set out in 1934 for North Greenland and its hinterland on an expedition whose objects were botanical, geological, biological, and ornithological. They were members of the Oxford University Ellesmere Land Expedition, and the account of their adventures is at once less formidable and more lively than one might have expected.

ARCTIC JOURNEYS (Hodder and Stoughton. 21s.) has been written by Mr. Edward Shackleton, the young organiser of the expedition, and it is announced that all royalties from the book are to go toward paying off the expenses of the expedition. Of the six men who started out to explore Canada's most northerly territory, only one had any knowledge of Arctic conditions. The others had youth, good sense, and enthusiasm. At least one of them proved a good cook and one of them could write.

The writing in fact makes such a personal claim on one's attention that it is difficult at first to regard the book in the light of a serious record of work attempted and carried out. The young men were living in those conditions for no spree but with the definite objective of adding to the world's store of knowledge. They were successful in their work and their findings have real value.

HAYLES ABBEY RUINS FOR THE NATION

TO BE PRESERVED FOR ALL TIME: The ruins of Hayles Abbey, on the edge of the Cotswolds near Winchcombe; a relic of ancient England which has been handed over to the National Trust as a memorial to Mr. Hugh Andrews, Lord of the Manor of Hayles, and Mrs. Hugh Andrews. The Abbey was founded in 1246 by Richard Earl of Cornwall, brother of Henry III, and the place was endowed liberally and colonised by twenty Cistercian monks from Beaulieu in the New Forest. The dedication in 1251 was an affair of great splendour

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT: Part of the Sun lodging house, a 500 year old building at Chesham, which upset calculations by suddenly collapsing when on the eve of being demolished brick by brick and re-erected as a residence at Pednor, Bucks

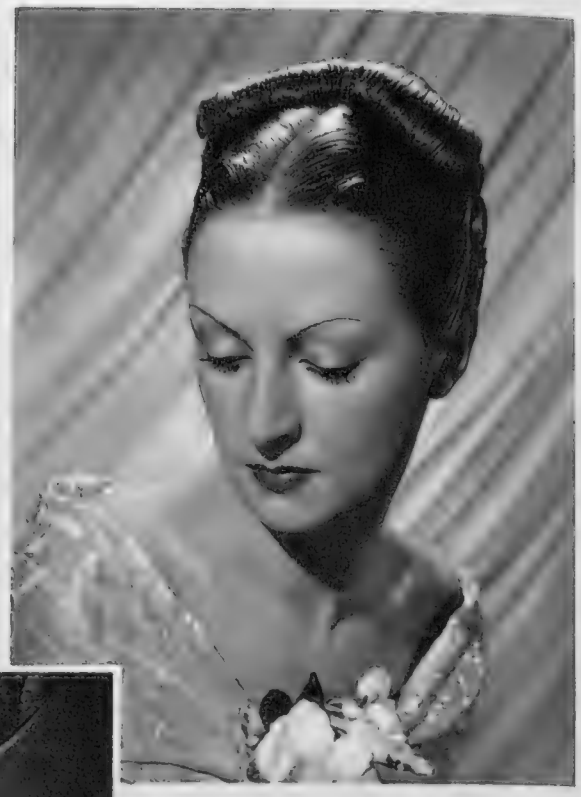
The most outstanding event in the history of Hayles occurred in 1270 when Edmund, son of Richard Earl of Cornwall, presented the monks with a phial purporting to contain a relic of the Blood of Christ which he had obtained in Germany. Another part of this relic was given by Edmund to the College of Bonhommes at Ashbridge and, until the Dissolution, these two religious houses prospered greatly by the number of pilgrims who came to see the reliquary and paid for the privilege of so doing. At the Dissolution, Henry's Commissioners declared the relic to contain coloured honey

CUTTING THROUGH THE MOUNTAINS: Workmen engaged in laying an additional pipe-line from Lake Vyrnwy, Montgomeryshire, to Liverpool, some sixty-five miles away, in order to provide the city with an increased water supply

FRONT PAGE FASHION NEWS IN PRINT

World Events Reflected in Silken Designs

Paisley designs tell a lurid but exquisitely balanced tale, their traditional colours not dimmed by age. Mainbocher uses a soft cashmere for this brown dress printed in yellow, red, orange, and blue. The bolero, the back fulness, and the satin sash are all featured in the Spring collections



Here is the coiffure that is taking Paris by storm. The hair, brushed and lightly brilliantined until it shines like satin, is brushed back with a middle parting, and across the crown of the head it is arranged in a long soft roll. At the back the hair is curled flatly so as not to break the contour, and the ears are left uncovered

Printed silk suits are going to enjoy a tremendous vogue, especially in vivid printed designs that form stripes or are massed closely together in neat heraldic patterns. On the left is a dress and jacket, the ground royal blue, encrusted with white and brilliant colours in Oriental splendour. The facings of the jacket are in felt, in themselves an important note

In this year of Coronation splendour white, gay colours, and gold are evening favourites. Alix takes gold matalasse lamé for the coat below and works her own design with intricate stitchery and quilting. When frocks are slender half-length loose coats are worn, and when they are full scarves and capes are draped about the shoulders

Paisley again, this time used by Lelong, who splashes cream, white, and yellow on a red ground, and uses it for the jumper and scarf collar of a black wool suit. There is a definite feeling for very simple jumpers with high necks, short sleeves, and front openings

This is to be a year of vivid and unusual prints which tell the tale of world events as clearly as any headlines

First, of course, the Coronation. Molyneux does a Court dress in white and gold brocade woven with small crowns, and circles which say "God Save the King." Schiaparelli has a horizontally striped pattern of medals, and another of flags. Red, white, and blue, paled to pink, white, and lavender are used for a number of diaphanous picture frocks

The Dutch royal wedding has inspired designs of tulips and an enormous amount of orange, to say nothing of groups of little Dutch figures dancing gaily on satin blouses

Plaids and tartans are everywhere, in honour of Queen Elizabeth. Patou repeats a leaf design over and over again, and at night large flowers and butterflies are expressive of spontaneous gaiety and charm

MAINLY METROPOLITAN

A Page of Varied Interest—Fashions at the White City

CORO[illegible]TION WEAR: This model of the crimson velvet robes of [illegible]iscountess is on view in the Fashion Theatre at the Textile [illegible]ction of the British Industries Fair and was seen by Queen [illegible]zabeth when she paid a visit to the theatre last Monday

"ROSE OF ENGLAND" is the title of this debutante's ensemble also being displayed in the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair at the White City where, as might be expected, the Coronation motif is dominant

CO-STARS OF THE CONCERT PLATFORM: Guila Bustabo, American girl violinist, who has already won for herself an international reputation, and Fritz Zweig, the noted Prague conductor, going over the score of Beethoven's famous violin concerto which they presented at Covent Garden last Sunday

ENGAGED: Lady Ann Child-Villiers, who is sister of the present Earl of Jersey and daughter of the eighth Earl, with her fiancé, Mr. Alexander Elliot, son of Mrs. Gilbert Compton Elliot

A NEW JUDGE: Mr. Edgar Thornley Dale has been appointed Judge of the Birmingham County Court in place of the late Judge Dyer who had been on "Circuit No, 21" for the past ten years. Mr. Dale has had very nearly twenty-eight years experience in legal practice

GROSVENOR HOUSE'S LATEST MIDNIGHT SHOW: An impression of *Paris-Londres*, a cabaret on the same cosmopolitan lines as the last and again presented by Jacques Charles, "the Ziegfeld of France." Included in the cast are the British Athos Follies

PREVIEW: Mr. George Courtauld and Mrs. Courtauld received the guests at Courtauld's display at a West End hotel of models which were about to be shown in the Textile Section of the British Industries Fair at White City

CORONATION MEDALS PAST AND PRESENT

The Difficult Task of Conveying a True Impression of the Sovereign

TO BE STRUCK AT THE ROYAL MINT: The obverse (left) bearing the crowned effigy of George VI, and the reverse (right) showing the head of the Queen Consort, of the plaster model of the official medal to commemorate the Coronation which has been designed by Mr. Percy Metcalfe. It will be issued in two sizes in silver and gold and also, on a smaller scale, in bronze

THE DOUBLE HEAD PORTRAITURE OF THE KING AND QUEEN: A standard pattern prototype designed at the Mint by Mr. Langford Jones and intended for incorporation in Coronation medals which the trade have prepared with special reverses and which are intended for supply to municipal and other bodies

TOPICALITY AT THE B.I.F.: These busts of the King and Queen are on show on one of the stands at the Olympia section of the British Industries Fair which opened this week. There has been a big demand for them both among home and colonial buyers, as also has there been for all souvenirs relating to the Coronation

THE KING IN PROFILE

A vast number of Coronation medals and souvenirs have been produced to meet the demand, but not all are wholly satisfying, many of them only partially conveying true impressions of the King and Queen, two characteristic camera studies of whom are reproduced here for purposes of comparison. On the medals Their Majesties are shown in profile, a less familiar aspect of them than full face

THE QUEEN IN PROFILE

SOUVENIRS OF BYGONE REIGNS: Medals struck in honour of the Coronation of eight sovereigns. Top row—James II, Mary, Anne, and George I. Below—George II, George III, William IV, and Edward VII

RELIGION IN CONTORTED EUROPE

(*Continued from page 284*)

Mustafa Kemal were the faiths of the People's Party, so it became fashionable to sneer at religion and unwise and even dangerous to practise it. The men went no more to the mosques. Religion went out of fashion. By a Bill passed in a night through the Assembly Kemal closed the monasteries, dissolved their organisations, turned the dervishes into the streets to be ordinary citizens or starve, and confiscated their wealth to the State. Mustafa Kemal had destroyed the whole religious basis and outlook of the Turkish State and people."

I must leave the Balkans aside, nor am I acquainted with any change that may have supervened in Poland, a country counting 3,000,000 Jews, and which used to be staunchly Roman or Orthodox Catholic when I lived in Warsaw in 1914. No doubt much the same obtains there as in neighbouring Czechoslovakia which lets religion run its course in a channel parallel to, but not of, the State. As Bohemia of yore, President Benes's country formed part of the famous Central Europe bloc of 80,000,000 Catholics of whom Pope Benedict had to remain so cognisant in the tragic years. Of course the land of the Hussites is also markedly Protestant.

With Austria, the position is well known. Following in the footsteps of devout little Dollfuss, no less devout von Schuschnigg is bending every effort to the construction of an authoritarian clerical monarchy. There is small decline of religion in this fair land, and next to none in the provinces. Vienna, with its 200,000 Jews and 600,000 Socialists and Marxists, may have part turned away, yet Austria—as neighbouring Hungary—remains a definitely religious-minded country, as, I should have mentioned, does Germany in the bulk. Take the Catholic Rhineland and Bavaria, at least 20,000,000 inhabitants, and no less stoutly Lutheran Franconia and East Prussia.

If I may be permitted a general impression—without treading on anybody's toes.

Organised religion on the Continent is very much on the defensive. It is becoming anxiously involved in politics saturated with hate. If there be a widespread desire for spiritual sustenance, among young no less than old, faiths of the future will have to jettison much dogma and ritual

RAMPUR'S NEW CHIEF MINISTER

An Interesting Appointment in an Indian State

MR. Basheer Husain Zaidi, who has come into prominence in Indian affairs as a result of his appointment as Chief Minister of Rampur State, has had an interesting career following a fine scholastic record achieved both in his own land and in this country. He went first to the Arabic High School, Delhi, and later to St. Stephen's College, in the same city, from which he graduated in 1919 before proceeding to Cambridge and obtaining his degree four years later. In 1923 Mr. Zaidi was called to the Bar from Lincoln's Inn and then, before returning to India, further enlarged his experience by making an extensive European tour and also making the Holy Pilgrimage to Mecca. On arrival home he was appointed Headmaster of University School, Aligarh, a post he held until 1930, when the present ruler of Rampur State asked him to enter his service and appointed him a Puisne Judge in the newly-constituted High Court. Thereafter his promotion was rapid, and his present appointment as Chief Minister is the outcome of good work done in 1931 and 1932 when serving as Acting Chief during the absence in Europe of Sir Abdussamad Khan, and as Revenue and Finance Minister in 1936. Five years ago Mr. Zaidi attended the Third Round Table Conference on behalf of Rampur.

MR. BASHEER HUSAIN ZAIDI

"Ellens," Rudgwick, Sussex

This England

THE garden or pleasance about an English country house reflects agreeably the nature of those who made it. That the plan should take a century or more to reach ripe beauty mattered little; a greater pleasure is had of slow maturing. Rather did they seek permanence in pleasure than a bubble joy, forgotten in a day. That is very English — to make slowly and incomparably well: that is why you find your Worthington so good.

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AUSTRIA—LAND OF EXILE (Continued from page 288)

steep hill and castle which look down upon the town with a benign expression. To know Salzburg you must go there out of season, when the music lovers have departed, and when the residents have recovered from the wonder of the English invasion. It is not a graceful or legitimate invasion, for the English and Americans who crowd into the town to hear the operas are a strange and noisy company. Yet there are few more imposing sights than the closing night of an opera season, with Toscanini bowing from the stage, the last notes of Lottie Lehmann's voice still lightening the air, and the satisfaction of having heard *Fidelio* performed as perfectly as anywhere in the world. But it is not this way that I would have you know Salzburg. Wait until September fades and the first gentle spell of autumn comes. Then one can imagine young Mozart hurrying down the street to watch his sister at her music lessons. It is in this quiet setting, long before the pilgrimages spoiled it, that the boy of six sat down to write his first concerto for the clavier.

One day as Leopold Mozart, accompanied by a friend, had just returned home from church he found little Wolfgang very busy with pen and ink . . . the father . . . took up the paper, and he and his friend began at first to laugh heartily over his *galimatias* of notes, which was so blotted as to be scarcely legible; for the little composer had continually thrust his pen to the bottom of the inkstand, and as often wiped away with the palm of his hand the blot thus brought up, intent solely upon committing his thoughts to writing.

The amazing moment of Leopold Mozart's discovery is deadened in the Salzburg of to-day. But the ghosts have not all been chased away. To walk in Max Reinhardt's garden is an escape from the bedlam, and, if one chooses the day carefully, it is still possible to drink one's evening vermuth on the balcony of the White Horse Inn at Salzkammergut, looking out over the lake, and forget that the name of the unhappy inn has been sung into fame, in every corner of the world.

When you travel over the wider spaces of this country, you realise how strangely one land melts into the next. I once travelled from Munich to Brindisi by motor car, leaving the steep-roofed houses of Bavaria, coming to the gay, sunny façades of the houses in the south of Austria, then the imperial beauty of Rome and then, in the south, the flat roofed houses of Brindisi, set amid sub-tropical palm trees. Salzburg and the nearby country seem to be the melting place of these two elements; the North and South. There is something of the Bavarian character here, and a little of the softer, dreaminess of the Italian. When the people are not spoiled, they are enchanting. Life is a succession of exciting days to them and, half because of their nature and half because of the dreadful lessons of the war, they have little sense of responsibility or continuity of life.

There are so many people in the world and travel is now so easy that simple and beautiful places are soon spoiled. A few years ago Kitzbühel was a charming little village only half aware of the world outside. The fact that King Edward VIII went there for his holiday both made and ruined it, for it is now a fashionable and busy town, with dancing halls and all the appurtenances of fashion. When one ventures into Tyrol, or when one sits in a Vienna café, listening to a Strauss waltz being perfectly played, it is easy to realise why a man of King Edward's temperament chose Austria as the first country of his exile. Also the Austrians adore royal persons. Even centuries of Habsburg rule have not cured them of monarchic instincts.

When I was in Vienna last summer one saw the ex-King every day moving among the people, and, on the last night, the streets were packed. His choice of Austria is a key to the country's character and tastes. Austrian people are near enough to the East to take on some of the Levantine graces. They make beautiful clocks, but they forget to wind them up. They look upon life as an art, even in poverty. Such a country offers forgetfulness and complete transformation. It has the comfort of the past and little lively regard for the future. It consoles, almost unreasonably, but it does not ask you to talk politics or to care for the morrow.

King Edward VIII has become perhaps the saddest man in the world, according to the world's judgment. He has chosen the wilderness of his own convictions at a terrible price. But it is fortunate that he elected to spend the first months of his exile among the Austrian people, for with them, more than with any other people in the world, he may examine his tragedy in peace.

A Bank's Sound Position

Deposits at Lloyds Show an Increase of £6,000,000 on the Year

The Seventy-ninth Ordinary General Meeting of Lloyds Bank Limited was held on January 29 at Southern House, London, E.C. Lord Wardington (the Chairman) dealing with the accounts said that deposits at £406,000,000 showed an increase of £6,000,000 on the year. Their overdrafts had increased to a slightly greater extent, so that they had been able to lend to trade and the public the whole of their increased deposit. From the profit-earning point of view that was distinctly satisfactory. Their loans to agriculture, as usual, formed a high proportion of the total, amounting in all to £13,300,000. Out of the 20,744 farmers who borrowed that sum from the Bank—on an average £643 each—seventy-six had failed during the year, involving the Bank in a loss of a few thousand pounds, averaging £89 per failure. That appeared to him to be an astonishingly good result, reflecting the highest credit on an industry which proverbially had always many difficulties to encounter. In spite of the activity of the Stock Markets and the rising prices throughout the year, the amount lent to the Stock Exchange was not unduly high, although in recent months it had certainly shown a distinctly rising tendency, and was a comparatively low percentage of the total of their deposits. He hoped the stockholders would consider the figures for the year as satisfactory.

The year had indeed been an encouraging one, in spite of disappointments, tragedies, and occasional nervous apprehension. Improvements had been shown in many directions, and the buoyancy of trade and Stock Exchange securities had withstood the reaction to political and other shocks in a truly remarkable way. Wherever one looked, even in the depressed areas, signs of the country's increased prosperity were visible, and the figures of employment, the reduction in unemployment, the increased values of commodities, of industrial shares, full order books, Clearing House, railway and retail sales returns, and the reduction in bankruptcies and bad debts, all pointed in the same direction. There was the satisfactory feature, too, that the fundamental basis of good international trade was present.

Camera Art of the Year

The *Photography Year Book* for 1936–37, which is published at one guinea and delivered post free by the Cosmopolitan Press, is notable for an interesting new departure, for side by side with the work of recognised masters of camera art it reproduces this time outstanding examples of amateur photography which, in themselves, provide an incentive to effort on the part of the beginner. The *Year Book* is a beautifully produced publication, containing about 400 pages of pictures touching on nearly every phase of life and work.

THE SHAFTESBURY HOMES AND "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Week in, week out, the Society's work of caring for young children is carried on, and at the present time there are 1,100 boys and girls in the Homes and Training Ship. The boys in the Homes are trained for civil employment, and those in the Training Ship *Arethusa* for the Royal Navy or Merchant Navy, while the girls are trained for domestic service. Please help this work of giving these young ones a chance in life, by sending a donation to the Headquarters, 164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2.

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In Quest of

Where to Stay in Coronation But Within

MY article last week on the scheme initiated by the Ferring Grange Hotel, near Worthing, to combine the Coronation festivities with a Whitsun holiday by the sea has, as I anticipated, brought forth a number of inquiries as to other hotels near London which can offer the same facilities.

I have no detailed information as yet as to what accommodation will be available at this period, but these inquiries do provide an opportunity for giving brief notes on some of the really worth while hotels within easy reach of London which I have sampled, resampled, and will certainly visit again at the earliest opportunity.

Abingdon (55¼ miles).—The Crown and Thistle. Proprietors Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Pennefather. Both know what's what when it comes to food and wines. They lived in Italy at one time and have brought a Continental flavouring to this old English hostelry with its wistaria-clad courtyard. There are only twelve bedrooms, so it is best to book well in advance.

Bexhill (63½ miles). — I know of three excellent hotels. The Granville, now controlled by Trust Houses Ltd.; the Sackville, one of the Frederick group; and the Riposo, one of the first hotels in Bexhill and still in the front rank.

Bognor Regis (63 miles).—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Old-fashioned comfort with modern essentials are the principal characteristics of this excellently run hotel which basks so often in the sunshine.

Brighton (51 miles).—The King's Hotel on the front. Mr. Frank Evans, the proprietor, is one of the best known men in the hotel world. He lives in his hotel and for his hotel. The result? As near earthly perfection as one could hope for.

The Old Ship on the front, famous from coaching days, is to-day a Mecca for the motorist. The Englishman tends to grouse about his food. At the Old Ship he invariably praises it. The Royal Crescent on the East Cliff. Its atmosphere is one of quietude and quality, and will be appreciated by those who wish to be away from Brighton's front. Tudor Close Hotel (Rottingdean). There is no other quite like this. It is acclaimed to be the prettiest on the South Coast, and I cannot dispute it. No one who has any interest in hotels should fail to visit it. He will not be disappointed.

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Bognor Regis.—Royal Norfolk Hotel. Tel. 40.
Boscombe (Bournemouth).—Chine Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Canford Cliffs Hotel.
Bournemouth.—Bourne Hall Hotel. Tel. 5.
Bournemouth.—Solent Cliffs Hotel, Sea Front.
Brighton.—Royal Crescent Hotel. Tel. 4171.
Brighton.—Old Ship Hotel.
Brighton (Rottingdean).—Tudor Close Hotel.
Bude.—The Grenville Hotel.
Crowborough.—The Crest Hotel.
Exeter.—Royal Clarence Hotel.
Falmouth.—Greenbank Hotel.
Godalming.—The Lake Hotel.
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Keswick, English Lakes.—The Borrowdale Htl.
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Crowborough (42½ miles).—The Crest Hotel. A strategic spot betwixt London and the coast. It is sometimes described as "a wee bit of Scotland in Sussex" for its proprietors, Mr. and Mrs. Eglinton Adams, hail from Edinburgh, and much of the surrounding Ashdown Forest is reminiscent of Scottish scenery. The manager, Mr. A. Lawrence, has had a West End training, so do not be surprised if you get a dinner worthy of the Ritz.

Godalming (32 miles).—The Lake Hotel. Mr. Alan Rudd its proprietor has created an hotel in a hundred. it is so well run that it must be a source of embarrassment to the A.A. for it is not large enough to qualify for their three or more stars, and it is streets ahead of any two star establishments. So you will not find the Lake in the A.A. book, but the motoring public are finding it all the same.

Guildford (30 miles). — Bramley Grange Hotel. One of the best of the residential hotels outside London, and consequently it never languishes for lack of visitors. A beautiful home in a lovely setting. Golf, squash, and hard tennis courts at one's doorstep, and if you want to improve your bridge, without depleting your pocket, the resident hostess gives lessons free.

Hastings.—The Queen's Hotel, admittedly the leading hotel. In re-designing the Front the Queen's seems to occupy a grandstand position. There are only fifty-two week-ends in the year, the shareholders I expect wish there were more.

The Adelphi Hotel (St. Leonards) stands in Warrior Square, two minutes from the front and cunningly shelters itself from the south-west gales. It's a personally run hotel and one gets rather a personal sense of comfort in staying there.

Leatherhead.—The Red House Hotel. Another favourite residential hotel for business men, for those home on leave from overseas, and for all who just don't want to bother about house-keeping; and now, as I am only half-way through the alphabet, the other hotels on my list must wait until next week.

Mr. Ashley Courtenay is always pleased to advise "Sphere" readers of hotels, both large and small, known to him personally. Letters should be addressed to him, c/o the Editor of THE SPHERE, *32, St. Bride Street, London, E.C.4.*

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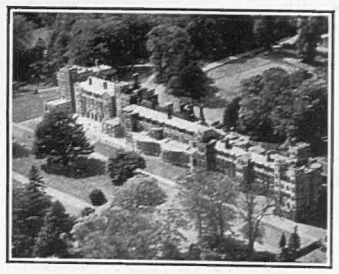

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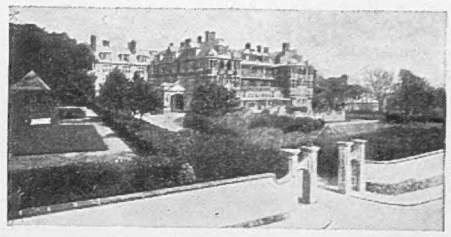

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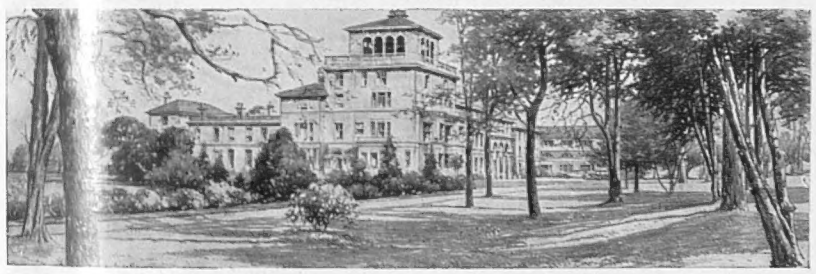

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THE GLORIOUS RUINS OF PAESTUM: One of the three great temples of this archæological show-place of Sicily which 2,500 years ago was a centre of Greek colonial culture

NOWHERE in the Mediterranean has a history more rich, more picturesque, than Sicily. And nowhere, not merely in the Mediterranean, but in the world, has been more generously endowed with natural beauty. Little wonder that from the time of the early pioneer Greeks, leaving their own country eight centuries before the birth of Christ in search of more fertile lands, it has been dominated by one civilisation after another, all of which have left behind them notable and lasting monuments.

Even the most phlegmatic tourist (and there are tourists so phlegmatic that one wonders why they should ever have troubled to leave their own bridge tables) shows some response to his first sight of Sicily. You can arrive at Messina, having crossed the Straits by the train ferry that runs from Reggio on the mainland, or you can arrive at Palermo having come by the night boat from Naples. This latter way has a good deal to recommend it for the boats are comfortable and the journey is a simple, smooth one, and Palermo, gleaming white in the midst of its amphitheatre of hills, with the massive, odd bulk of Monte Pellegrino to one side, is a superb sight at whatever time of day you are seeing it, but most especially in the freshness of the morning and at dusk, during that short interval between the sun's setting and dark (night comes quickly as far south as this), when the lights are beginning to twinkle but the outline of the mountains has not yet been lost.

Sicily is worth more than just the passing curiosity of the phlegmatic tourist; it is worth taking a little trouble over, worth seeing intelligently. At Palermo itself, for instance, you have a number of features of quite outstanding interest. In my own recollection Monreale comes first. This, strictly speaking, is not Palermo at all, but a quite separate municipality situated on one of the hills at the back of the city, and reached by a special tramway. Still, whichever way you look at it, this does not alter the fact that its huge cathedral is one of the most important sights to be seen. The interior is practically entirely decorated with mosaic work and its magnificence is almost overwhelming for the first few moments when you get inside. Then there are some very beautiful cloisters, Moorish in style, and with a quite incredibly lovely Moorish fountain in the middle of them. Next in order of sightseeing merit I should place the Palatine Chapel in the Royal Palace. Here are more mosaics, and the whole place (surely one of the most skilfully proportioned buildings ever designed) is permeated with a curious dim gold light. Then, thirdly, there is the church of San Giovanni degli Eremiti, the oldest church, I believe, of any in Palermo, and also possessing some lovely cloisters.

But this does not exhaust the possible list. Indeed, however long you choose to remain in Palermo it would be hard to do that. And there is one never failing source of interest to students of modern history. Everybody has heard of Garibaldi and the Thousand; how, in the middle of the last century he set out from Naples with an amateur army of enthusiastic young volunteers, and how, against terrific odds, they freed the Island from the intolerable yoke of an *ancien régime* that had long outlived its usefulness. Their capture of Palermo is one of the great epics of modern times, and it is fascinating actually to be on the spot where it all happened, particularly if you have had the good sense to bring with you an admirable book by Trevelyan which tells the story of the whole campaign.

Before leaving Palermo, one more word: a good place to spend an idle day in is the little neighbouring plage of Mondello, where there is a sandy beach on which one can bask to one's heart's content (or bathe in the sea, for that matter, from about April onwards) and where there are pleasant open-air restaurants.

After Palermo, most people make for Taormina; or go there straight away, if they have arrived via Reggio and Messina. Taormina is on the eastern side of the island, about 600 ft. above sea level. The railway station, it should be explained as well as the sea, is at the bottom of those 600 ft., and a road which is all hairpin bends connects the two. When you get there it is like being suspended between heaven and earth, and in more senses than one, for Taormina, in spring, is lovely beyond the power of description. Up behind the little village, with its trim piazza and stucco houses, there are the Greco-Roman ruins of a large theatre. Here people walk and talk and take their leisure of a morning.

Far away below lies the sea, deep blue, on some days almost purple, and away across a wide valley towers snow crowned Etna, its peak as vivid white in the sunshine as the peak of Mount Fujiyama depicted on a Japanese colour print. There are wild flowers everywhere, and in April the marigolds blossom in great clumps. I can confidently recommend Taormina for a stay of any length. There are plenty of hotels, large, medium, and small from which to choose, and there are always amusing people to be met

A SADDLER OF PALERMO: Making harness for the donkeys which are the principal beasts of burden on the Island. The saddles are very heavily stuffed in order to take big loads

Going on down the coast to Catania, you pass through a series of marvellously prolific lemon groves and then skirt the foot of Etna, an imposing sight, for from the train you can see quite close the hardened lava flow from the last eruption. Just this side of Catania there is a spa, newly developed, which has achieved favourable notice during the past few years, and the name of which is worth noting—Acircale. Its waters and baths are very well spoken of in connection with all rheumatic and allied complaints, while the soft, mild climate is in itself an immensely valuable aid to health. From here you may motor some 6,000 ft. up the slopes of Etna; this wonderful road has not been in existence very long and is a real triumph of Italian engineering. It is not the kind of road, moreover, on which every passenger feels personally responsible for the safety of the car and expects to land any moment at the bottom of a precipice. The bends and the gradients have been most carefully planned so as to make it possible even for the driver to enjoy the magnificent scenery that it reveals.

A visit must be paid to Syracuse if possible. This is such a charming place—the bustle of a small modern seaport combined with the sense of leisure and gracefulness you get from looking at seventeenth- and eighteenth-century architecture. In Greek days it was a very large city indeed, and the imposing Greek theatre is still in a good enough state of preservation for it to be possible to give plays there every year—a festival that is achieving international importance in the cultural world.

Richard Nowell

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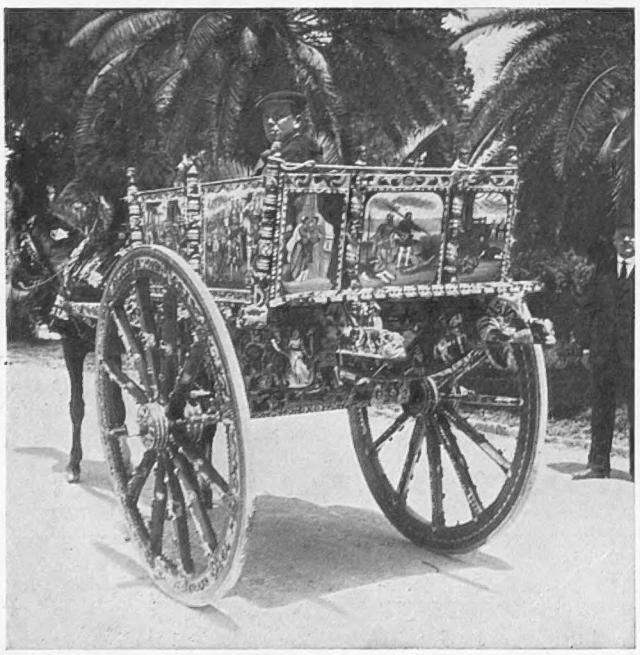

GAY EQUIPAGE: A typical two-wheeled Sicilian cart carved and gilded and bearing panels representing notable events in the Island's history. The harness is almost equally elaborate

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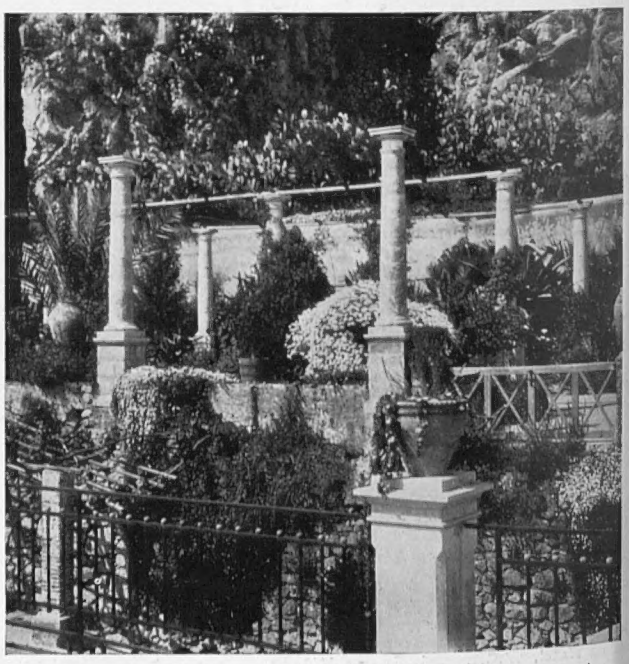

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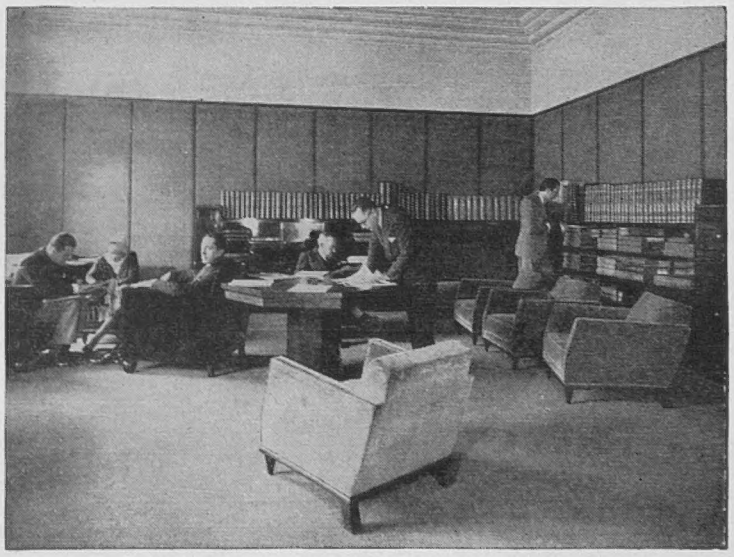

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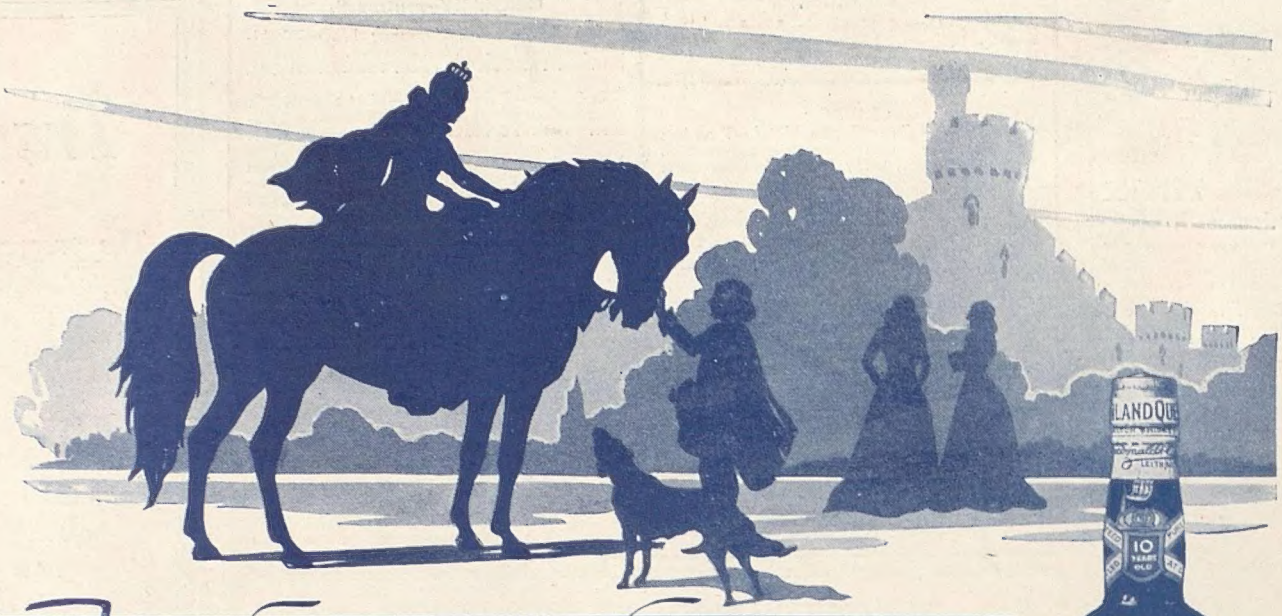

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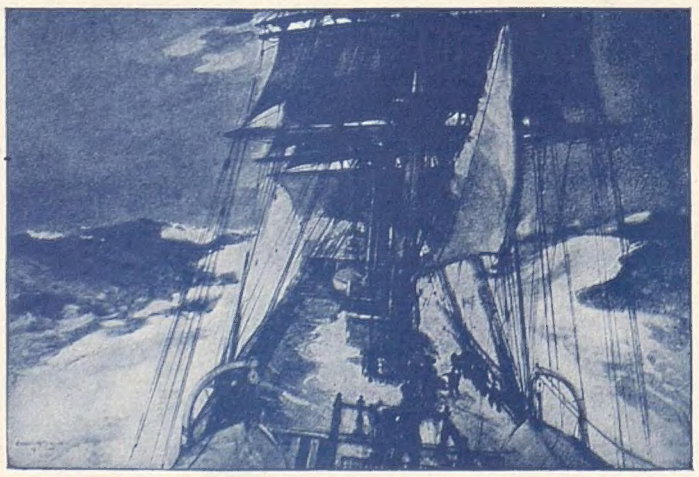

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